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NEW FEATURES

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Poetry.

DEAR HOME.

DEAR home! constructed on a plan
The architects have termed Queen Anne,
Thou'rt filled with precious brick-a-brac
—And antique pieces dost not lack—
From cabinet to tile and fan.

A connoisseur might closely scan,
He could not find a thing to ban,
Artistic portier, vase and plaque,
Dear home.

What ducats in a streamlet ran
To tradesman and to artisan!
Art took the most expensive track
And carried all things at her back;
Ah, stay her course whoever can—
Dear home.

G. H. S., in the Chicago Journal.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose white feet, along the doubtful future
Must bear a mother's load;
Alas! since woman has the heavier burden,
And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair;
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet?
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely shaded,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend,
Who find their journey full of pain and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair faced and tender eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's wide highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

Our Story Teller.

HIS OWN PROPERTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN," ETC., ETC.,

"For green leaf and blossom, and fine sunny weather,
And singing, and loving, all come back together!
For green leaf and bloo—' Oh!"

THE "Oh!" was in quite a different key, and did not seem to harmonize with the rest of the song. Ellie Fairfax was equally surprised and disgusted to find that she had an unexpected auditor—a young man, who stood in the middle of the path, with an amused smile on his face that was quickly supplanted by a decorously grave expression as he saw that he had attracted her attention.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat, "but I have completely lost myself in these woods. Can you tell me if there is any possible way of getting out of them? I begin to think that I have been bewitched."

He was rather a good-looking young man, dark and slight, with a spruce neat air that exasperated Ellie, who was instantly conscious of having come primrosing, with the boys, in her oldest clothes.

Nevertheless, she was a young person of dignity and decision, as behooves the only, and elder, sister of a large family of boys, so, despite her perilous position amid encumbering hazel-boughs, she drew herself up, and answered severely—

"I suppose you are aware that these woods are private property, and that you are trespassing?"

"Really I am extremely sorry if I have trespassed on your property," said the stranger.

His air of extreme regret somewhat mollified Ellie, who answered in a less forbidding manner—

"Oh, it is not ours, but we have leave to come here while the owner is abroad."

Therewith she emerged slowly from the clinging bushes, and arrived on the path a little dishevelled, being more intent on preserving her primrose than her raiment. In spite of her old winter gown and her general untidiness, she was a very pretty girl as she stood in the broad green ride with the spring sunshine falling on her through the leafless trees, and bringing out the gold tints in her abundant brown hair.

I AM AFRAID I CAN'T DIRECT YOU.

"I am afraid I can't direct you, for you would only lose your way," she said, looking up at the stranger with her frank grey eyes. "But we are just going home, and can take you as far as the gate, if you like."

He accepted the offer with alacrity, and Ellie, turning from him, made the woods ring with shouts of "Boys! Boys!" that brought her brothers scurrying out of the underwood like rabbits in all directions.

"This gentleman has lost himself in the woods, and I undertook to show him the way out," she said confidentially to the eldest boy, Bob, as he came up exhibiting evident surprise at finding her with a companion.

"The owner must be very good-natured to let you plunder his woods like this," the stranger remarked, with an amused smile, as the whole party set forth, with flowers and roots.

"Mr. Hayes has nothing to do with it," returned Bob promptly. "When he comes back I expect we shall be turned out, so we are making a new fernery and getting roots for the garden as fast as we can."

The young man's amused laugh at the ingenuous explanation made Ellie feel a little guilty.

"I don't think we do any harm really," she said. "And this is our first spring in the country, so that we can't help going mad over the flowers and accumulating them wholesale."

The stranger assured her that he was certain that they were doing no harm, and entered warmly into the plans for the new fernery. The boys clustered round him, telling him their plans and adventures, won by his frank interest and amusement. Ellie walked on in front, enjoying the beauty of the woods in their spring dress, and listening idly to eager voices behind her. She could not help liking any one who got on so well with the boys, and by the time they reached the gate she felt quite friendly towards the intruder.

"We part here, I suppose," she said, facing round as they entered the meadow beyond the woods. "That path to the left leads to the village. But I should recommend you not to trespass here again, or you may get hopelessly lost."

"I will take care in future; I am much obliged to you," said the young man, gravely.

But he stood watching, with a look half amused, half admiring, as Ellie moved onwards, a tall lithe young figure amid her body-guard of boys.

"What a jolly chap! I wonder if he lives near here?" said Jim, as he slipped a grubby paw into his sister's arm.

"Yes, he does; so I asked him to come and help us with the fernery, and he said he would," said Bob.

"Oh, Bob! You didn't!" cried Ellie.

"Yes, I did. I expect he is one of the Taylors from High Cliff, and Mrs. Morrison said they meant to call," said Bob, unabashed.

Ellie was completely overcome. One of Lady Laura Taylor's sons, and she was absolutely not fit to be seen!

It was perhaps as a readjustment of the balance that she arrayed herself in her new covert-coat and most becoming hat to go down to the Vicarage that afternoon. As she walked into the drawing room, with her head very high, Mrs. Morrison thought once more what a very distinguished-looking girl Miss Fairfax was.

They were very busy over Sunday school reports when the maid opened the door and announced, "Mr. Hayes." Ellie looked up. She was curious to see the absentee owner of Woodleigh Court, particularly as his arrival was so unexpected. What was her horror to see the stranger of the morning calmly advancing, with the self-same amused smile on his face! The memory of her stern rebuke of trespass flashed across her, and she wished herself under the floor.

"Bernard, my dear boy!" cried Mrs. Morrison, holding out both hands. "This is a pleasant surprise."

"I came earlier than I was expected, after my usual habit, you see," he said, returning her greeting with warmth.

"How delightful of you! Let me introduce you to Miss Fairfax."

Ellie bowed stiffly. Mr. Hayes was equal to the occasion. "I think we met this morning," he said, holding out his hand affably; but the twinkle in his eye was an insult to Ellie's feelings.

Ellie was all ice, but Mrs. Morrison's fluent tongue covered every deficiency, while her model teacher sat adding up the marks all wrong, unconscious that her scornful abstraction was rather attractive in the eyes of one of the company.

Mary, the maiden who had wrought such havoc, was the one to repair it.

"Susan Jones to see you, ma'am," was her next announcement.

"Oh! excuse me one moment, dears. I must go and speak to her," exclaimed Mrs. Morrison, and the active little old lady bustled out the room.

Mr. Hayes came boldly up to Ellie.

"I am afraid you are vexed with me," he said depreciatingly.

"No, not at all," she said coldly. "But with myself," she might have added.

"I am afraid I behaved very badly this morning, but I was so charmed by your defence of my interests that I hadn't the heart to undeceive you," he went on penitently. "Besides, I really am a stranger here, and my own woods are a mystery to me. The Court has been let till within the last year or two, and I have spent so much of my life abroad, that Woodleigh has never been my home till now."

There was a tinge of sadness in the last words that reminded Ellie that his mother had been a great invalid, and had died at Cannes. She felt suddenly ashamed of visiting her own stupidity on him.

"I am afraid I behaved very badly; I am sure I must have been very rude," she said apologetically. "And there is nothing so irritating as to detect ones-self in such a a silly blunder," and she looked up laughing, though she could not restrain a faint blush at the memory of her unlucky speech.

"It was all my fault," he said eagerly. He was really quite handsome when those dark eyes lit up. "It was quite too foolish of me! I hope you will continue to wander and steal in the woods, to show that you bear no malice; and may I come and help Bob with his fernery?"

"Oh, certainly, if it won't bore you to death. I am sure my mother will be very happy to see you," said Ellie, smiling.

"Who is Miss Fairfax? It is quite a new name to me," he asked of the vicaress, when Ellie had taken her departure.

"Mrs. Fairfax is an officer's widow who has taken the Lawn. Ellie is a nice girl, but her brothers are rather overpowering. I advise you to beware of them," said wily old Mrs. Morrison.

Of course he did not take her advice; quite the contrary. He called at the Lawn next day, and toiled the greater part of the afternoon over rocks and fern-roots, to the great delight of the boys. After that he became indispensable to their amusement. He played cricket with them, fished and boated with them, and joined all their expeditions.

Ellie was deeply grateful to him, for the boys were always safe with him, and they were at times rather a care to her. Bob, in particular, had arrived at that age when boys think that nothing that a woman says can possibly be right if it differs from their own opinion, and it was a great comfort to her to find her own ideas upheld by Bernard Hayes's authority and influence.

As for him, sisterless himself, he was lost in admiration of this sister, who was at the boy's beck and call all day long, and thought nothing a trouble that her brothers required. Money was not plentiful at the Lawn, and he was quick to see how Ellie denied herself in every possible way for the sake of her beloved boys.

Once he remonstrated with her, when he found she had given up a trip to town in order to give the boys some desired treat.

"When they have all made their fortunes, I am to have an old age of affluence!" answered Ellie, laughing, and went away to darn Jim's socks.

Bernard looked and smiled to himself, as he watched her go singing up the stairs. Perhaps he thought the affluence might come before the old age.

Great was the grief when the holidays drew to a close, and the boys were drafted off to school. Bernard comforted their souls with liberal tips and promises of rabbit-shooting in the summer, but even these could not console Ellie for the absence of all the dear brown faces and rough heads.

"Don't speak to me! Life is an aching void," she said melodramatically to Bernard, when she met him in the village after her last journey to the station.

"A void that nothing can fill?" he asked, with a peculiar expression.

"No, nothing!" answered Ellie hastily, with a faint blush.

Still, to judge by her contented looks as the days went on, an aching void must be rather a pleasant thing. Her spirit did not flag, nor did her loneliness affect her looks.

Mrs. Morrison took a sudden mania for gardening and asking her friends to tennis. On one pretext or the other, Ellie was always up at the vicarage, and oddly enough, so was Bernard Hayes. Mrs. Morrison, who, like most women, was a born match-maker, used to smile and nod her head approvingly as the young couple wandered about the garden among the stiff yew hedges. It would not be long, she thought, before Woodleigh Court had a mistress again.

One fine June morning it occurred to Bernard that it would be an excellent thing if he were to give a large garden party as a return for the hospitality lavished on him by the neighborhood. Of course, the plan must be discussed at the vicarage, and so he took his hat and went off to see what would be said to it.

Half-way down the quaint village street he met Ellie strolling along in a slow quiet way, very unlike her usual brisk pace. She was not alone. By her side loitered a young man with a fair bushy beard, whose air and gait spoke unmistakably the sailor. She had a dejected look, and Bernard's practised glance noticed at once that she was dressed in a careless, negligent way, as though her appearance was beneath consideration.

She looked across the road, and smiled and nodded at him, and half hesitated, as though expecting him to come over and join her. But for once Bernard was blind to the unspoken invitation. Her smile struck him as forced, and there was a sudden look of curiosity on her companion's face that annoyed him. He merely bowed, and hurried on to the Vicarage.

Mrs. Morrison was tying up carnations in the garden, and he joined her there.

"Have you seen Miss Fairfax this morning?" he asked, after a casual good-morning, and a remark or two about the flowers.

"Yes, I saw her go by just now."

"Who is that with her?"

Mrs. Morrison was silent for a moment; then she said quietly, "The man she is engaged to."

"How do you know she is engaged?" cried Bernard, fiercely.

"Strangely enough, I heard it in the train yesterday. It seems to be a secret, but I wish I had known it before."

Mrs. Morrison went on tying up her flowers.

"I couldn't have believed it of her," she said at last.

"I don't believe it. There is some mistake."

"I am afraid not. There were two ladies in my carriage yesterday who saw him get out here. One said, 'Why, there is George Langley!' and the other answered, 'Oh! that is Ellie Fairfax's *fiance*. How very odd! When is that coming off?' and then I was obliged to get out myself, so I heard no more. But I am afraid it must be true."

There was no reply; she looked up anxiously, after a moment's pause, and the haggard face and gloomy eyes that met her gaze went to her heart.

"My dear boy!" she said, her affectionate tone full of sympathy.

"I wouldn't mind so much," said Bernard hoarsely—he could not dissemble with such a dear old friend—"if she did not look so miserable!"

Yes, that was where the sting lay. If she had seemed happy he could have blamed himself for his own folly in ever hoping to win her, and moreover, he would have congratulated her boldly to make sure of the truth. But she looked so wretched whenever he met her with her new companion, though she made evident efforts to conceal her feeling, that he could not trust himself to approach the subject.

If Mrs. Morrison were right, it must be a foolish youthful engagement now repented of, and if she were to own as much to him he did not know what he might be tempted to say or suggest. His only safety lay in avoiding her, while he yet cherished a faint hope that there might still be some mistake. So for two whole days he absented himself from the Lawn—a marked proceeding on his part, indeed.

Sunday was wet and stormy. In the evening the wind and rain were so unusual for the time of year, that he had half a mind to stay at home. But Ellie never missed evening service, and a jealous desire to know if she would give it up for her lover drove him to church again.

From his lonely seat of state in the chancel he could watch the young couple in their distant pew. There they sat, side by side, apparently content. He watched them all through the service, and when he saw the sailor deliberately shut his hymn-

book in order to share hers, it was confirmation of his worst fears.

He did not blame Ellie; he was too loyal for that. Of course, knowing herself engaged, she had accepted his attentions unthinkingly, and now had wakened to a bitter truth too late.

Service over, Ellie joined the stream of people that issued slowly from the church. Ellie lingered in the porch, being wrapped securely from the storm by her lover.

"That's all right, Nell," he said cheerily. Now take my arm and hang on tight; we shall do well enough together under one umbrella."

"Nell!" Then he had his own name for her. That destroyed the last vestige of hope, and Bernard Hayes fought his way slowly home, feeling a sort of relief in his striving with the raging wind.

To-morrow he would leave Woodleigh. He could not stay to see Ellie look like that any longer. Her white, sad face seemed to haunt him; he would go away and forget it.

But it seem destined to pursue him to the end. After he had reached the station next morning, Ellie and her lover arrived on the scene. The young sailor seemed nervous and agitated, strolling restlessly about, talking and laughing incessantly. Ellie's face looked hard and set, but it was easy to see that she was unhappy at the parting. There was something reproachful in her gaze as her eyes fell on Bernard. "Why do you not help me to bear this?" they seemed to say.

He could not stand the mute appeal, and dreading an introduction to his rival, he retreated into the booking-office, and began to talk to the stationmaster.

The train came puffing up; there was a moment's hurry and confusion on the platform, and Bernard, jealously watching, saw an embrace pass between the two. He threw himself into an empty carriage, and was whirled away to London, with a full intention of not returning to Woodleigh for many a long day.

He was welcomed back to town, where his old friends had been wondering why he was missing all the season, and he tried to throw himself into his accustomed pursuits and pleasures. But their old attraction was gone. No pictures could banish from his memory a fair face and two frank grey eyes, and no music compared with the happy voice that sang snatches of songs about the lawn all day.

Crowds of people wearied him: solitude was insupportable. He became aware that he was wasting his whole time in fruitless regret, and resolved bravely to strive to forget his trouble with the aid of fresh scenes and faces. He joined a party on the point of starting for a summer's fishing in Norway, and resolved not to return to England till he could do so in a very different frame of mind.

Before he left home he was obliged to run down to Woodleigh to see his agent, but by going late one day and returning early on the next, he hoped to avoid meeting any one else in the neighborhood.

He found it, however, necessary to go over to one of his farms to argue with a refactory tenant, who insisted on seeing him himself, so he walked there directly after breakfast, trusting to return in time to catch the mid-day train.

His business satisfactorily accomplished, he strolled slowly back. He had plenty of time to spare, and the beauty of the day protested against hurry. His way led through the woods where Ellie had so sternly rebuked him, and which he has since learnt to know well, under her guidance. His thoughts were full of her as he loitered under the arching boughs, and as he turned the corner of a long green ride he came face to face with Ellie herself.

She looked worn and changed. Poor child! she had suffered much in the last few weeks. It had been a terrible blow to her to see Bernard depart in that sudden, mysterious manner, and the effort to preserve an air of indifference had been almost too much for her. She knew herself to be the object of remark and pity, against which her pride revolted, and, worse than all, her kind old friend Mrs. Morrison had suddenly changed her manner, and treated her with a stiffness which alike puzzled and pained the girl, unconscious of any offense.

Walking wearily along in the July sunshine on an errand of duty, she felt that the brightness of the day around her did but mock her heavy heart. And then suddenly, without any warning, the day took an added glory, and the birds' song a new melody, for Bernard stood before her.

She could not help the glad surprise that shone swiftly in her eyes, nor the smile that lit up her whole face. Both were gone in an instant, but Bernard had seen them.

"I did not know you were here," she said, in excuse.

"I am only down for a few hours," he said. "I am starting for Norway in a day or two."

"Oh, indeed!" Her disappointment found expression in her voice, despite her care.

Bernard was desperate; he must know the truth at all costs. Man-like, he went clumsily, even cruelly, to work.

"I am glad to see you before I go; I wished to congratulate you," he said abruptly.

"To congratulate me! On what?"

"On your engagement to Mr. Langley."

It was out now, and he should know the worst.

Ellie turned on him imperiously; a sudden flash of instinct told her all.

"Who told you that I was engaged to George Langley?" she demanded.

"Mrs Morrison;" and he detailed the remarks she had overheard.

"If she had listened to the end of that conversation she would have heard the answer, 'Never!'" cried Ellie indignantly. "I knew that there were two old Kensington friends of ours in that train, for George saw them and told me. One is an inveterate gossip and match-maker, the other knows us well, and would have contradicted such a foolish report at once."

"Then you are not engaged to him?" cried Bernard eagerly.

"No, nor ever shall be. He is my cousin, and we have been like brother and sister all our lives, but we could never care for each other in any other way." Ellie's tone betrayed her wounded feelings.

"Ellie, my darling, what a fool I have been! I thought you were engaged to him, and I went away because I could not bear to see you and know that you could never be mine. It is I who have blundered this time. Can you ever forgive me?"

Her hands were held in his, his eyes were looking into hers. On the very spot where first they met, Ellie looked up shyly blushing, and whispered, "Yes!"

"I never should have thought that you would have believed such a thing," she said, with a little reproachful accent on the "you" that went to her lover's heart.

"I must have been mad, I think," he answered. "But I could not distrust what seemed the evidence of my own eyes."

"I thought you knew all about George," she said. "He is an orphan, and his home was always with us. He was at home on leave, and we hoped would have been with us all the summer, but he came down suddenly to say that he had been ordered off to Australia for five years, and had only three days to say goodbye in."

"But you looked so miserable; how could I tell that you were only parting with a cousin?"

"He has been a brother to me all my life, and we were always so fond of each other that several of our friends used to call him my sweetheart. Poor George! He is so tender-hearted too, and could not bear leaving us. Besides—"

"Besides what?" he asked as she paused.

"Besides, you never came near us for three days, I could not think what was the matter," owned Ellie, softly.

"I thought I had no right to come near you," but he held her close now.

"I think you have been very unlucky," she said, smiling, "or very much ill-used. This is the second time that you have been warned off your own property!"—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE WIDOW OF MANSOUF.

A Persian Experience Which Shows That Widows in That Country are as Acute as They are Elsewhere.

D. B. LOCKE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM was approached one hot morning in August, by a timid, nervous man, who, falling before him, implored him to show him some way by which he could escape a widow in his neighborhood, who was determined to marry him whether or no. He did not wish to marry her, for he had determined to wed another, yet this diabolical widow had so compassed him round about, that the marrying of another was well nigh impossible. What should he do?

"My friend," said Abou, removing his chibouk from his lips and tilting back in his chair, "what says the poet:

"What can't be cured, love,
Must be endured, love."

Listen to the story of the widow of Mansouf.

Fatima was the relict of the departed Hooba, the maker of Kobashes, in the little village of Mansouf. Hooba had never been happy since the day of his marriage, till the morning of his death. He had been walking on a railroad track, and the locomotive struck him and knocked off one arm, both legs, and scalped him, and scalded him, besides inflicting other injuries upon him.

As what was left of him was on his bed, his friends asked him if he was suffering.

"Physically, yes—mentally, no."

And his eye wandered about the room till they lighted on Fatima, his wife.

"It may be hard for some of you to die," he remarked; "but you were never compelled to live with *her*."

And he passed out with a smile of ecstatic peace and resignation and even joy upon his face.

From which it may be inferred that Fatima was not an agreeable person.

Fatima had a daughter who was passing fair, who rejoiced in the name of—well we will say—Zara. Zara was as beautiful as an houri. There was a beauty in her nose that was only surpassed by her eyes, and her eyes were only equaled by her mouth, and her face, as a whole, was not more perfect than her figure. In brief, Zara, the daughter Hooba, was a stunning specimen of the Oriental female.

Could Zara with her peerless and matchless charms, be without a lover or live without love? It was not to be expected. She had lovers by the score, and the proud girl's principal amusement was to torture them, and keep them wriggling on such pins as she chose to impale them on.

But finally her heart was impaled. Hafiz, the son of the leather-dresser, Hamroud, saw her and loved her, and she loved him in return. It was an honest, true love, and therefore unending.

But Hamroud was not rich, and Fatima, the mother, was prudent; and when Hafiz demanded the girl in marriage, she said: "Go to. Wouldst marry without a shelter to live in? Go thy way—accumulate dirhems, and then come and ask me."

"How many dirhems, mother?" asked Hafiz, sorrowfully, "must I surround before I can call Zara mine?"

"When you can come to me and say, 'Lo, here are ten thousand dirhems which I have captured,' then will I give Zara to thee, and not till then. Away sluggard! if thou wouldst wear her, win her."

Then Hafiz girded up his loins and went to far distant Khoordistan and joined him with a band of speculators, who rode horses and carried pistols and muskets and sabers; and who borrowed goods of caravans, having first knocked the owners on the head that they might not say them nay.

Hafiz had industry, and he determined to get him the amount desired without unnecessary delay; and it is recorded that he made it warm for the caravans that crossed the desert that season. "Made it warm" is a Persian phrase, signifying that he went for them vigorously.

But while Hafiz was absent, Hamroud, his father, who had some years before been called upon to pay for a tombstone to the memory of his wife, fell into the habit of going to the house of Fatima, ostensibly, to bargain for the skins of the kids of her flock; but Fatima, who had eyes, observed that he tarried long where Zara was, and that when his optics rested upon her they glistened with something that was not produced by meditating upon the precepts of the Prophet.

Therefore she was not surprised when one day Hamroud came to her and demanded of her the hand of Zara in marriage. And to the surprise of the entire neighborhood, Fatima gave her consent, and directed Zara to get together her wedding things; and when Zara remonstrated, the old lady took an axe-helve and convinced her that the best thing she could do was to forget the son and marry the father.

"Foolish girl," said the mother, "the old man will die in a year—then you may marry the son."

"It is impossible that he should die in a year," replied Zara. "I have neither your looks nor your temper."

But Zara was compelled to yield. And preparations were made for the nuptials, which were appointed to take place some six weeks after.

In the meantime the widow Fatima was not idle. I will not anticipate, but will merely remark that a messenger, mounted on a desert-born mare as fleet as the wind, set out for Khoordistan.

The night arrived. Zara was arrayed in her bridal robes, and Hamroud shone gorgeous in a new set of teeth, and a ready-made suit of clothes. He also had his hair dyed.

Just as the pair were taking their places on the floor, and the preach—that is the mufti—was getting ready to pronounce the ceremony, Hamroud's second son, Jimuel, entered the house with horror depicted on his face. He marched up to his senior.

"Father," said he, in the old gentleman's ear, "Hafiz is on his way here, and isn't more than two miles off. He hath about his person weapons of all kinds, and voweth vengeance upon you. Oh, father mine, what can you do to avert his wrath?"

The Aged Appropriator was, as you may suppose, smitten with a terrible fear. He knew his son, and knew that his wrath was as a consuming fire. He was careless with pistols, and they were apt to go off in his hands.

"What shall we do?" he demanded of Fatima.

"I do not know," she replied. "Hafiz will kill all of us, beginning with you and ending with me. Why, oh! why did I ever consent to your wedding with Zara."

By this time the hoofs of Hafiz's horse were heard.

"Stay," said Fatima, "there is not a moment to be lost. Take your seat, Zara. Come hither, Hamroud. It is all a mistake that you were to marry Zara; it is I whom you are to wed. Can Hafiz object to your marrying me? That is the only way to avoid the wrath to come. I will sacrifice myself to save you. Shades of my departed husband, forgive me! Come quickly."

Hamroud looked at her and shuddered. But what could he do? The sound of the hoofs of Hafiz's horse was alarmingly distinct.

"Let it be so!" he said with a sigh.

And it was so. Hafiz thundered up to the door, and throwing it open, saw on the floor not his father and Zara, but his father and Zara's mother.

"Welcome home, my dear son!" exclaimed the old man. "I have given you a new mother."

"Not Zara?" he asked anxiously, and with some astonishment.

"Zara! My son, how can you be so absurd? Is not your parent's head horizontal? Would he marry a chit yet in her teens? Go to."

And Hafiz remarked that doubtless he was mistaken. But to guard against having his feelings so harroved up again, he thought he would marry Zara himself then and there, as the mufti was convenient. And as Fatima made no objection it was done.

It came to the knowledge of Hamroud afterward that Fatima had "put it up on him," as the Romaus say. She sent the intelligence to Hafiz, and timed it so that he would arrive the very hour of the wedding. And when he heard this he consumed all the time between the intervals of putting poultices on his bruised head, in cursing her.

He only lived with her a year. She was an intense woman, and her favorite weapon was a mop-handle; though she could hurl a scrubbing-brush with precision, and in the use of the poker was unexcelled.

This is the legend. Now for the moral.

My son, if an enterprising widow is after you, surrender. Escape is hopeless. She will get you as sure as fate. A widow really in want of a husband knows no such word as fail. It isn't in her bright Lexicon of Youth. Surrender to her, and kill her afterwards, if you must. In the meantime avaunt, for my breakfast is ready.

And the stranger departed sorrowfully.

BLUEBEARD AND FATIMA.

FATIMA, I give to thee
To my castle every key—
Every key, that thou mayst view
All its chambers through and through;
Thou mayst search them well, and look
Into every hidden nook;
But one room thou mayst not see—
That is closed to even thee—
And I charge thee nevermore
Open thou that sealed door.

Fatima, my darling bride,
All my heart I open wide;
Thou mayst enter in and view
All its chambers through and through—
All save one, and that must be
Closed for all eternity.

Leave it closed! 'Tis better so.
That my bride should never know—
Never know or realize
What behind it hidden lies.
And I charge thee nevermore
Open thou that sealed door.

—*Boston Transcript.*

What Followed a Long Spree.

A man named Bury, hanged at Dundee on Wednesday for wife-murder, left a written confession which should furnish material for Zola. Bury and his wife went to Dundee from London, spent the woman's fortune in drink, and found themselves on the verge of starvation. The woman proposed to earn money by immoral means, which so upset the finely-strung nerves of her husband that in a frenzy of rage he strangled her. Then he spent his last shilling in whisky, went to bed drunk, and passed the night within a few feet of the corpse. He awoke sober to meet the glassy stare of his murdered wife's eyes. Bury, in an excess of maddened fear, seized a big knife and slashed and hacked at the corpse for hours. When at length he recovered his self-possession he proceeded more methodically to work, the idea being to dismember the body, throw the remains piecemeal into the river. But he soon became deadly sick, lost his nerve, and was unable to finish the ghastly task. Finally he wedged the mutilated remains into a big trunk, and night after night, for a whole week, sat up with the fearsome thing alone, save for the gibbering fiends with which his terrified imagination peopled the room. At the end of the week he surrendered to the police.—*London Corr. New York Sun.*

To Keep the Works in Motion.

The attention of the passengers in a Canadian smoking car was riveted on a strangely behaved negro. He rocked himself from side to side without ceasing. "What's the matter with you?" asked a traveler who was in the car. "Does you know Dan McGary?" "Yes." "Well, sah, he sold me a silber watch for $20," continued the negro, swaying from side to side; "an' ef I stops movin' dis here way, de watch don' go no moah."—*Exchange.*

Noah All Right.

"Dr. Tanner was not the first man who lived on water for forty days," said Smudge.

"No?" queried Fudge.

"Of course not."

"Who else?"

"Well, what's the matter with Noah?"

"A Little Knowledge."

Freddie—"Papa, what does 'filly' mean?"

Papa (willing to give the boy a lift)—"A young mare, Freddie."

Freddie—"Well, then, what do they call a young cow, papa?"

Papa (slightly staggered)—"Oh! Ah! a—er—filly *de bovy*."—*Columbus Spectator.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

COLUMBUS did not prove fertile ground for Harry Follett's quest. It was easy enough to trace Anna Pearce that far; but beyond that he could get no clue. No one could recall her as having taken any train out of the city during the remainder of the night after her arrival from Doncaster; nor did any hotel have her as a guest. Harry spent the day in active search, but met with no success in any direction. None of the conductors of any of the trains going out of the city the previous night could furnish him the slightest clue. Anna had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.

Harry, despairingly felt that he would have to abandon the quest, and return home, or call in the aid of detectives. He stood in a hotel corridor, weighing the matter and undecided which course to pursue, when a political friend accosted him.

"Hello, Follett! Glad to see you. How does General Ewbank take his defeat?"

"I really cannot tell. I have not seen him since last evening. When the tide began to turn against us he left headquarters and went home. I was compelled to come up on private business this morning, and left too early to see him."

What is there in the infernal demon of Rum to make a man, discreet and cautious in his sober moments, become a babbling schoolboy in his cups? Harry felt keenly the flight of his little cousin from the shelter of his home; she was in his care, so to speak, and it had been a keen mortification to him all day, as he reflected over the matter, that he had been drawn into Morris's scheme; his financial affairs were in poor shape, and only the previous night, when he had found that his party had been defeated and that his hopes of political preferment had been dashed to the earth, he had felt consoled by the knowledge that Morris and Anna were engaged, and that, therefore, he should receive the sum Morris had pledged him in case of their marriage. He had not dreamed that any moral compulsion had been used; but the flight of Anna showed that this had been the case, and moreover gave him the belief that there was something behind the whole matter of which he had been kept in ignorance—that Morris had used him as a tool, in fact. This knowledge was extremely unpleasant to Follett, who had his share of self-love, and it was his earnest desire to hush the matter up as far as possible. Of course, Anna's flight must be made public; but certainly this could be done without making the affair a nine-days' wonder, he thought.

Alas for Harry! His friend proposed an adjournment to a saloon which was at that time a frequent resort of politicians of his party. A group of friends was there, and the crushing defeat they had experienced was discussed in all its bearings, with the inevitable accompaniment of frequent drinks.

Gradually the group thinned out until a little coterie of three or four was all that remained; and Harry, his tongue loosened by his potations, found himself, he hardly knew how, relating the story of Anna Pearce's flight to the little knot of interested listeners. One of these happened to be connected with a newspaper; and the result was the whole story, related in highly florid style, was served up to the public in the next issue of that journal.

Harry finally realized that time was passing rapidly, and left his friends with the lazy idea in his mind of continuing his search for a clue to the missing girl. He was able to walk without betraying signs of intoxication, though his brain was in a whirl and his mental acuteness dulled, through his excess. He wandered about for a while, without any fixed idea save that he must do *something*; and then an invincible drowsiness coming over him, he went to his hotel, murmuring to himself that he had overworked himself the previous day, and been up very late; that he would lie down for an hour to refresh himself, and then start out to find Anna.

The result was that he was in a dull, heavy, drunken slumber within two minutes after throwing himself upon his bed, and did not awake until the next morning. With muttered curses over his stupidity, he went out to get a "bracer" to steady his trembling nerves; then took breakfast, paid his bill and started moodily for the depot to take the train for home.

"Wherever Anna is, it is too late to find her. But I'll do the next best thing—I'll make that man Morris tell me the inside of this whole thing! D— him! He shall not play me for a sucker any longer!"

He bought a paper on the train, and his ill-humor was increased hugely by finding the whole story spread out in its columns under staring head-lines. With another curse upon his friend who was responsible for its publication, rather than upon himself for revealing it in his cups, Harry dashed the paper down and stared moodily out of the car window at the flying landscape until he reached Doncaster.

Frank Danforth, with anxious face, was at the depot to meet him. "I want to see you at once, on urgent business concerning Morris," were the young man's eager words. "Of course the story of Miss Pearce's flight is public property, now that the newspapers have hold of it. But I think, Mr. Follett, that you are still ignorant of the inside history of the case, which is now in my possession. We must act speedily, in order to make Morris deal justly by the girl, wherever she may be!"

Harry was about to inquire particulars, but he checked himself. "No, Danforth; let us go to my office at once. If Morris has been up to any scoundrelism—and I believe he has—he shall rue the day he set foot in Doncaster!"

Then soon reached Follett's office, and locked themselves in the private room. "Now, Frank," said he, grimly, "let me hear the story, even to the smallest particular."

Danforth went back to the day of Follett's elopement, and told the story of the find in the old Willson cemetery, and Jennie's adventure. Then he sketched the conversations he and his little fiancee had on the topic; the statement of Anna that she could never marry Morris, only the day previous to the announcement of the engagement; the desperation of Jennie on the evening of election day; her secret visit to Morris's room at the hotel, and what she discovered; and the destruction of all the the papers by fire later in the evening—thus bringing the story compactly and clearly before Follett.

Harry was strongly agitated. He paced up and down the room during the narration, interjecting a question here and there, to bring out some point more clearly. When Frank had concluded, Harry turned to him:

"Danforth, I congratulate you on being engaged to Jennie Andrews! If you should take up criminal law as a specialty, she will make a partner not to be despised!"

Frank's brow flushed. The words angered him.

"I beg your pardon, Danforth," went on Harry, noting his expression, "I meant nothing to which you could take exception; quite the contrary, in fact. I admire her for her talent. Not one young lady in a thousand would have thought of so daring a thing, nor have had the nerve to carry it out single-handed! Thanks to her, and to her alone, we know now what went with Nathan Willson's money; and Anna Pearce shall have it, if I have to choke Morris into giving it up!"

"Do you really think we can compel him to do so?" inquired Frank eagerly.

Harry dropped into his office chair, and drummed on his desk a moment before answering. "I wish I could say yes, Frank!" he began. "But I suppose you will not permit Miss Jennie to come forward as a witness?"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Frank, energetically.

"No, of course not. The question was a superfluity. She must not appear.—Hold! I have it!" and he took several turns up and down the room again. Returning to his desk, he unlocked a drawer, and taking out a fat brandy-bottle, swallowed a dose of the fiery liquid at a gulp. "I'm a little seedy this morning, Frank," he explained in an apologetic tone. "I must be all right for the operation of putting the screws to that infernal scoundrel. By the way, how is he this morning?"

"Dr. Andrews reports him much better. He is able to be up and dressed, but the Doctor will not allow him to go out of the house as yet, for fear of taking cold."

Harry gave a short laugh. "I infer that Dr. Andrews knows the story you have told me concerning Morris?"

"Yes."

"And he is ordering Morris to stay in doors, not so much on account of his condition, as because he wants him brought to book?"

"Probably both, to some degree."

"Very good for the doctor. I presume Morris is able to discuss business?"

Frank nodded.

"Excellent! Now, Frank, you see no way to compel Morris to give up that money?"

"I must confess I do not."

"Are you willing to let me try my powers, without the slightest interference on your part—you, of course, to be present?"

"Certainly I am; that is—if—"

"If Miss Jennie is not brought into it? I'll promise you that freely. What did you say was the name of the detective my respected father-in-law had engaged to dog Mr. Morris?"

"His name is Walker," replied Frank.

"Very well. Now we will go up to my house, and interview Morris.—One moment, Frank!" And turning to the drawer again, Harry took another pull at the brandy-bottle.

"What is to be your method of procedure, Mr. Follett?" inquired Frank, as they walked up the gentle slope of the street towards the latter's house.

"Trust me for that, Frank. You shall see, or rather

Recent Literature.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES.

An Alpine Fay—Law of Municipal Bonds—Two Chiefs of Dunboy—The Last of the Macallisters—The Home Acre—From Japan to Granada—Other Books and Magazines—Literary Notes.

"The Alpine Fay" is another of the charming translations of Mrs. Wistar, from the German of Werner. The story is a good one, full of incident; the characters, many of them drawn with a vigorous hand. The chief interest centers around the indefatigable engineer, who is the master spirit in planning a mountain railway, and who enters into a loveless betrothal with the President's daughter, finally marrying for love the President's niece. There is a mountain storm which sweeps away the almost completed railway, the Alpine Fay thus revenging herself for the invasion of her domains. These scenes are drawn with a graphic pen, and are thrillingly realistic. The story is brought to a pleasant conclusion. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Law of Municipal Bonds" is published by S. A. Kean & Co., Chicago. It includes a digest of statutory bonds relating to their issue and also one of the statutory laws governing the investment of corporate and trust funds by savings banks, insurance companies, guardians, executors, and other corporations. The author is J. A. Burhans, and the present work is an outcome of one he prepared and published several years ago. That met with such favor that a new and more complete work of the kind was decided upon.

The first six chapters contain a statement of the more important legal principals which govern the law of municipal bonds, and a review of the latest decisions of the highest courts. The whole work has evidently been prepared with the greatest care to make it reliable and correct, and a valuable handbook to those who are interested in the public securities of which it treats.

The latest work of Mr. Froude is a venture into a new path, that of a historical novel entitled "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," further described as "An Irish Romance of the Last Century." It is an interesting description of a condition of things known to exist. The "two chiefs" who are the central figures are the exiled Irish soldier and gentleman, to whom, in his own eyes and those of his tenants and neighbors, the estates of Dunboy rightfully belong, and the English soldier and gentleman, to whom, on their former owner's proscription for treason, the estates have fallen. The undying feud betwixt these two chiefs and their adherents is made to typify and illustrate the undying feud betwixt England and Ireland. Both men, while most really human and individual, are most really typical and representative: Colonel Goring of all that is best in the English nature and English methods; Morty O'Sullivan, of all that makes the Irish nature, with all its defects, so perennially likable and fascinating. The book holds the reader by its realistic and graphic descriptions which is always one of the charms of Mr. Froude's writing. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Last of the Macallisters," by Amelia E. Barr, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It is, as the name indicates, a Scottish story, and a great deal of the wild, breezy life of the hills of that country is introduced into the style. It is of the days of "bonnie Prince Charlie," and the story hinges upon his return and setting up the standard of rebellion around which gathered the Scottish clans, among which that of Macallister. The reader cannot fail to grow interested in the prince who receives such love and devotion. The book is written in an attractive style.

"The Home Acre," by Edward P. Roe, is a book full of information for those who would make the ground around their homes blossom like a rose. His clear, pleasant style of writing is too well known to need commendation. The work begins with "Tree Planting," which is followed by "Fruit Trees and Grass;" "The Garden;" "The Vineyard and Orchard;" "The Raspberry, Currant, and Strawberry," and finally, "The Kitchen Garden." It is also published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"From Japan to Granada" is a book made up of sketches of observations taken in a tour around the world in 1887-8, by James Henry Chapin. The author says that it was not intended in any sense as a substitute for a guide book, but that it does answer certain leading questions, which he has often been asked, such as the best time to start, whether to go east or west, how much time should be allowed for the trip, and how much does it cost? It is written in a pleasant, easy style, and from the stand-point of an intelligent thinker and observer, making most pleasant reading, while conveying information. It is published in good style by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Physiological Notes on Primary Education and the Study of Language" has for its author Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, a woman whose wide research and careful observation renders an authority upon all questions which she has undertaken to discuss. The book will be read with interest by students. It is also published by the Putnams.

One of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" from the same publishers is "The Ideals of the Republic or Great Words from Great Americans." It contains the text of ten or a dozen speeches, etc., which have attracted attention and will live in the future, beginning with the "Declaration of Independence" and containg addresses of both Washington and Lincoln.

From Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, comes a book entitled "Living Questions," which are "Studies in Nature and Grace," by Warren Hathaway. The author is evidently a man of conservative thought, who refuses to accept some of the modern theories. The following table of contents will show what subjects he has treated: "The Guiding Hand," "God Revealed," "The Nameless Prophet," "The Office of Conscience," "The Resurrection," "The Price of the Prize," "A Royal Sensualist," "Prayer, Our Reasonable Service," "A Divine Vocation for Every Man," "Personal Liberty," "The Mission of Affliction," "The Sanctuary and the Church," "The Temporal and the Eternal," "The Battle of Life," "The Real Issue—a Discourse on Evolution," "The Vine and the Branches."

In the series of "English Men of Action," published by Macmillan & Co., New York, comes two volumes, both well written and interesting. One is the life of Henry the Fifth, by the Rev. A. J. Church. The other is "David Livingstone," by Thomas Hughes. This series is one full of interest, and are valuable for the course, yet accurate as counts, of the lives of those who have made their impress upon history.

"Her Strange Fate," by Celia Logan, is a story issued in pamphlet form by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York. It is a story of sensation, made up of the happenings of love, jealousy, malice, hatred, etc., ending in the death of the villain of the tale and the consequent happiness of the rest of the characters in the book.

"She," further described as "An Allegory of the Church," is published by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York. It purports to be the spiritual signification of the story of "She," the woman clothed in the majesty of almost endless years. It is written in a strong, earnest way which will make it read, especially at the present time when the subject treated of is attracting so much attention.

Lee & Shepherd, Boston, issue in their excellent series of Decisive Events in American History, "Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777," by Samuel Adams Drake. It is accompanied with an outline sketch of the "American Invasion of Canada: 1775-76."

A translation from the German, made by Clara Bell, is issued by W. S. Gottsberger & Co., New York. The work appears in pamphlet form entitled, "Margery," further described as "A Tale of Old Nuremberg," by the well-known writer, Georg Ebers. It is in two volumes.

Literary Notes.

"The Modern Rack" is the title of Miss Frances Power Cobbe's new book against vivisection.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is to call her new book, "Miss Eyre, from Boston, and Others."

A first edition set of Lever's novels recently brought $1,375 in London.

It is said in England that Colonel Goring, the hero of Mr. Froude's novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," was meant in some sort to represent General Gordon.

The American artists in Europe are the subject of a paper that Henry James has prepared for the June *Harper's*.

Miss Julia H. Thayer appears in the April number of the *Magazine of Poetry*, with portrait, biographical sketch, and an extensive study of her poetical works.

Prof Boyesen's "Vagabond Tales" include some of his best stories. The professor himself likes best "A Disastrous Partnership."

Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," has been spending her time lately with her husband, traveling through the far west.

Louise Imogen Guiney, herself an experienced pedestrian, has a lively article about "Walking" in the May *Wide Awake*.

A little episcopal chapel, built in memory of Paul H. Hayne, has just been dedicated in Georgia. It stands within sight of the cottage wherein the poet spent his last years.

Francis W. Bourdillon, who wrote the poem on "Light," beginning, "The night has a thousand eyes, And the day but one," lives in England and writes frequently for magazines.

The "Morte d'Arthur," which David Nutt has just brought out, is an exact reproduction of the famous copy in Lord Spencer's library in everything except the Roman letter, which is substituted for black letter type. It is said to be typographically beautiful.

Jessie Benton Fremont, in her present series of personal story reminiscences in *Wide Awake*, is recalling the pioneer adventures in which she and Gen. Fremont were actors in the early mining days in California.

Eleanor Putnam, who was in real life the brilliant wife of Arlo Bates, died young, but, nevertheless, left behind her divers works which testify to her unusual abilities. One of these is "A Woodland Wooing," which Roberts Brothers will soon publish.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards will visit America next winter and will lecture before the Peobody Institute, Baltimore. W. F. Frith, in the second volume of his "Autobiography and Reminiscences," recommends Miss Edwards's novel, "Barbara's History," to any one who doubts the authoress' rights to be placed high in the ranks of novelists.

An early scrap book, by Thackeray, of the period apparently about 1841, has turned up in London. Some of the drawings are said to be remarkable for their careful finish, especially those in pencil. One of the sketches, comical, but with that touch of the pathetic so well known to readers of Thackeray, is of a prisoner watching a butterfly on the window of his cell, beneath which is written, "I'd be a butterfly."

Lord Randolph Churchill is one of the English politicians in whom Americans take an interest for various reasons. His speeches, collected, edited and annotated by Louis J. Jennings, formerly of the New York *Times*, have just been published by Longmans. In his introduction the editor sketches Lord Randolph's political career and draws a piquant parallel with that of Lord Beaconsfield.

SOCIAL TYRANNY.

The Individual Should be Free to do as He Likes.

We live in a free country, but where the individual is not free to do as he pleases in his own set. The prohibitionists have furnished a recent example of it. They resorted to every form of pressure to compel temperance men who did not believe that the constitution amendment was the right thing to vote for to suppress their convictions. The moderate man who would not go all lengths was denounced by the set in which he moved, and made to suffer a kind of ostracism. The same tyranny was found on the other side. The social demandsis that each one shall suppress his individual will or opinion and conform to the social usage of his set. If they drink, he must drink; if they gamble, he must gamble; if they smoke, he must smoke; if they eat late suppers, he must eat late suppers. Whatever the vices of society are, he must indulge in his full share of them or be

OSTRACISED AND CALLED A FOOL.

This sort of tyranny is written large all over American society. The prohibitionist exercises it; the social clubs exercise it; it prevails in the people's dramshop; it is a prime charcistic of our best society. Our social vices are maintained because it costs the individual who protests inwardly against them, to much to assert his freedom. The greater number of the vices of the community grow out of the tyranny of the social custom. People insist that you shall not have a will of your own, and they put you out of their set if you insist on asserting it. The strongest foothold of the liquor traffic is rooted in this social tyranny. Drinking habits are begun, and are constantly fostered in social life, because the individual is not allowed to say no. This tyrannical spirit is almost universal. The most valuable result of the constitutional amendment election is found in the courage of the temperance men who refused to vote for it. The much needed result of the whole agitation would be the recognition in society that a man can refuse to drink among his fellows and not cease to be a gentleman. The tyranny of the company you belong to crushes everything. Good form, the working usage by which society is regulated, is one thing; the tyranny which refuses to recognize and honor the

INDEPENDENCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

is something entirely different. When a man can say no to prohibition, to tobacco, to gambling, and even to a supper at 10 o'clock at night which he does not care for, and not be compelled to lose caste in the set to which he belongs because he does not wish to do just as they do, a good work will be accomplished. There is the rock on which reform which is greatly needed everywhere, and when this point is conceded in good society, a large part of the saloon, club and grogshop drinking will disappear. What we most want is individual independence in American life, and the concession to our friends that they shall have the same freedom which we demand for ourselves. Every set of people, religious, political, social, needs to recognize this individual freedom among its members before we can make effective the social reforms that are to elevate the whole community.—*Boston Herald.*

"It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland in Scribner's Magazine, "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted all virtue went out of them." Failure of eyesight, fickle appetite, headache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsical swelling,—these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms you will eventually have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Cure is the only specific which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

He Suspected Her.

In the parlor at 11:30 o'clock. "Don't go, Charlie. It isn't late." "I must, Flora. I don't want your father to quiz you about the size of his gas bills, you know." "Ha! Ha! Don't mind that. I pay the gas bills and pa gives me the discount. The bigger they are the more I get, don't you see?" Charlie (an hour later, on his way home)—I wonder if *that's* the reason that mercenary girl always wants me to stay till morning.—*Chicago Herald.*

Every Pipe Smoker Should Buy an Engine.

A Central Hudson engineer turned the steam in a cloud out of the right-hand cylinder of his locomotive yesterday in the station as the tourist stood by. Then taking from his pocket an old briarwood pipe he held the bowl close to the vent, whence the steam was rushing, driving the hot current through the pipe. It cleaned it most effectually and the knight of the lever and throttle stepped back, turned off the steam and enjoyed a quiet smoke from a clean pipe.—*Albany Journal.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

H. M. STANLEY'S LOVE.

THE GREAT EXPLORER'S ROMANCE.

Said to Have Been Engaged to a Charming New York Girl, Who Married Another While Her Lover was Battling His Way in Africa.

KINDRED spirits were the little clump of club men who sat over a late supper in Delmonico's cafe the other night, and between the grilled marrow bones and bass told odd bits of their variegated experiences. They are all well-known men, and have never been particularly bothered with the business grind of life. Most of them are well on toward 50, but if all the experiences and yarns related at that table that night could be accepted literally, they had jammed 100 very rapid years into their lives. Suddenly one of the group raised his hat from his forehead, and turning down the leather band inside he pulled a clipping from a newspaper. "Let me read you this, gentlemen, will you?" he said very pleasantly. "It isn't long and it tells a volume. It is a complete romance in itself." Then he read in a well modulated voice this:

When Stanley was in this country, soon after his discovery of Livingstone, he was full-cheeked, rosy, and his hair was dark and handsome. When next he came, after his memorable trip through the heart of the Dark Continent, the ruddy hue of his face was gone and his beautiful hair was nearly white. But the brightness of his eyes was not dimmed, and the alert and sinewy limbs were as agile as of old. He has borne privations and great hardships well, but they have left their mark on his face. His countenance and head are old long before their time.

The club man then went on to relate to his attentive listeners what he said was the true meaning of the newspaper clipping he had just read. He prefaced his remarks by stating that the words he had just read were from Noah Brooks's article in the February *St. Nicholas*, entitled "The White Pasha." He said he had carried the newspaper clipping in his hat from the day it was published, because it recalled to him an experience in Henry M. Stanley's life which very few outside of his intimate circle of friends know. He added that a very charming American lady would fully appreciate everything that he was about to tell. At one time she was a belle, and was known in New York and Chicago society. She was a most lovable woman and very attractive. She is now a young matron, with little sprigs of innocence and mischievousness clustered about her.

One thing was certain, the club man declared, Henry M. Stanley had not passed a single day in the last fifteen years without thinking of her. In the dark and unfathomable jungles of Africa, her face had been with him. On the desert, with the fierce white heat beating upon him, he had had memories of her. He is a bachelor, 49 years old, and he will never marry. The young matron now lives in Chicago, and her brother is seen on Broadway on any bright afternoon.

THE WHITE HAIR AND THE PALLID CHEEK

that Noah Brooks speaks of, so the story teller asserted, were not altogether due to Stanley's privations on the Congo. It was about 1875 that Mr. Stanley came to this country after his discovery of Livingstone. Four years before he had started out to find the lost explorer. Not a word had been heard from Livingstone in nearly two years. There had been rumors that he had been killed by hostile savages, and his friends in England were anxious to learn the fate of the man who had spent nearly thirty years of his life to unraveling the mysteries of the interior of Africa. Stanley was selected by James Gordon Bennet to take an expedition into Africa and learn the fate of Livingstone. He was then 30 years old and full of pluck and determination. He had been in the Confederate army, and when taken prisoner by the United States troops he volunteered as a seaman in the Federal navy. He was spoken of at the time as

BRAVE, MODEST AND GENEROUS,

but with a roving disposition, and above all, a determination to make his mark in the world. Only Stanley, himself, can tell of the destitution and hardships that he experienced in his search for Livingstone. But on that memorable day in November, 1871, when at Ujiji, on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, he found the great Scotchman, and nonchalantly lifting his cap to him, said: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," he became equally famous with the Doctor, and knew that his name would go down through the centuries. On his return to England the fetes and the banquets given in his honor and the glorification of his name were only interrupted by the death in Africa and the burial in Westminster Abbey of Dr. Livingstone. Stanley was a pall bearer at the funeral of the great explorer. It was said at the time that the manifestations of dead men had fallen upon the young and ambitious Stanley. He was on the top rung of the ladder of fame, but his closest friends at the time have since frequently remarked that Stanley's marked characteristic was a cynicism that was almost unbearable and certainly unaccountable.

He was 32 years old. The queen had presented him with diamonds, and he had been singularly honored by statesmen and the great men of the Royal Geographical society. His name was known all over the civilized world, and distinction and renown awaited him in New York when he arrived here a few months later.

Stanley hadn't been in New York very long before his club friends remarked that he was partial in his visits to

A CERTAIN MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE.

He had been well received in New York society, and although he was not particularly endowed with this world's goods, he was a handsome young fellow, and the young ladies of New York society found him most congenial. At one of the homes he visited there was a petite brunette who interested young Stanley from the first hour that he saw her. Her father's home on Fifth avenue was one of the most attractive of spots for young Stanley after the introduction. He would steal away from club friends to make frequent calls on the little queen of that charming home. The young lady herself began to blush when the servant announced her handsome young visitor, and she soon began to look for his calls. Stanley was the sort of a young man to be interesting to most young ladies. He was a handsome fellow, a fine conversationalist, and he was particularly attractive in the gallant and reverential politeness which always marked his conduct before the fair ones.

His visits to the Fifth avenue mansion became more frequent and his attentions to

THE BLACK EYED LITTLE LADY

more marked, and pretty soon Stanley's friends learned that the young couple were engaged. Stanley frequently said in those days that he was ready to settle down and have a winsome wife and a modest home. He seemed to be quite contented to rest then with the name and fame that had already come to him. Time ran on, and New York did not possess two happier souls than Henry M. Stanley and his prospective bride.

But with Livingstone dead there were constant and urgent demands upon him to resume the exploration of Africa. At last he consented to make another journey. It was to be a short one, he told his sweetheart, and with it would end his career as an African explorer.

"Anybody can imagine the loving tenderness with which Henry M. Stanley and the girl he loved parted," continued the club man. "There were tears on her part and tender, comforting words for his share of that trying experience. They were to write by every steamer, and for two years the happiest and tenderest correspondence passed between the young lovers."

Late in November, 1874, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, and began the arrangements for his trip inland. The little lady in the Fifth avenue hotel anxiously read

THE DISPATCHES ABOUT HER LOVER,

and was cheered by some of the heaviest letters which ever came through the New York postoffice. She was delighted beyond expression when the cable announced that Stanley had launched the little boat in which he circumnavigated Nyanza lake, and had named it the Lady Alice. That was her Christian name.

With a lover's eagerness, he wrote to the fair one what he had done, and his last letter before he left civilization told her to be of good cheer. He said that he didn't expect that his task would be difficult, and he spoke of the time when his journey would be ended and he would return to her rich and with his days as an explorer ended forever.

He was on the Congo river for nine months, and reached the Atlantic coast in 1877. He arrived in London early in 1878, and eagerly glanced over the pile of letters awaiting him. There were a dozen or more in the handwriting of his betrothed running up to November, 1876. At that time he had reached Nyangwa, the furthest northern point attained by Livingstone or Cameron.

THE LETTERS CEASED

in that month. Down deeper in the pile was a letter from a New York club man, which told Stanley that his betrothed had been married early in 1877 to a gentleman from Michigan.

The highest honors were showered upon Stanley, but he grew listless, and apparently without ambition. His friends say he was stunned at the shock he had received. He roamed about London, and his hair fully grew whiter and whiter and his face more pallid. He went back to Africa and spent five years there, and first appeared in New York again in 1886. He only remained here a few weeks, and then started on his present journey.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NOT SUCCEEDING VERY WELL.

[Judge.]

Mrs. Ripley—"Good mornin', Miss Grimshaw. Come right up an' set down. We expect our son from Oklahomy ter-morrer, an' father's tryin' ter carry out that air scriptur' idee with th' fat calf."

CHILDREN'S MINDS.

An Eminent English Authority on the Fairy Dreams of Childhood.

In the course of the meeting of the Medico-Psychological association, recently held at York, England, Dr. Clifford Allbutt, of Leeds, read a paper on the "Insanity of Children," which, if its statements be well founded, knocks on the head many poetic and popular conceptions. Wordsworth speaks of a child's idea being a reminiscence of "the fairy palace whence he comes." Dr. Allbutt sees in them only a step towards the insane asylum. Most people regard it as a healthy sign if children have pretty fancies, and those are thought to be happiest who keep their illusions longest. But Dr. Allbutt would reverse this judgment.

The fairy dreams of childhood are only the result of defective organization, and healthy growth is the result of active organization. Here are some of the chief passages in Dr. Allbutt's paper: "The insanity of children was the vestibule of the insanity of adults; in children they saw in simple and primary forms that with which they were familiar in the more complex and dervative form in adults. If a man live in a vain show, far more so did the child; if a man's mind was beguiled to vain opinion to the world, so fantastic was the child's mind in relation to that of the man. Fantastic—that was the key to childish mind. In him was no definite boundary between the real and the unreal. Day dreams which in the adult would be absurd to the object of insanity were to a child the only realities. As the child grew and new sensations organized themselves more definitely and submitted to comparison, phantasy became make-believe, and the child slipped backward and forward between unconscious, semi-conscious, and conscious self-deception. Pretty were the fancies of a child, yet the healthy growth of the child consisted in their evaporation. But if the growth of the mind were somehow other than healthy, then these fancies kept their empire; they did not attenuate, and the child did not put off its visions. They were not likely to forget that the persistence of insanity in children might prevent the due advance of the organization of the results of impressions, and might ultimately, as the adolescence approached, leave the sufferer in a state of more or less imbecility."

In These Lovely but Dangerous Spring Days.

As the season advances a little, there is apt to come on that languid, heavy, miserable feeling which we call "biliousness." The tongue is coated, the skin yellow, the eyes dull, the secretions inactive, and the system generally below par. This condition, like the other, is largely avoidably by proper care. The diet is the thing most largely at fault in this case. And here, instead of being slow to change, as in case of the clothing, it is best to make haste to change. Adopt the diet to the season. Eat less flesh and fatty foods, less spices, nuts and oil, less or none of sausages and mince pies, and more of fruits and vegetables, oat meal, graham bread and coarse food generally. Commerce now brings the products of the tropics to our doors at a trifling expense, so that they are put within the reach of the common people, instead of being, as formerly, only the costly luxury of the rich.

In the condition of biliousness, the bowels should be kept loose by coarse food, apples, oranges, bananas, and, if need be, figs and dates; and repletion should be carefully guarded against. If the appetite flag, instead of stimulating it, give it rest for a few days, and ten to one it will come again. If there be any craving for acids, satisfy it by the free use of lemonade and other fruit acids. If more than this be needed, consult your family physician. By all means, as you value your health, take no quack nostrums.—*Congregationalist.*

To Keep a Trim Figure.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back, with the shoulder-blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in of the small of the back, thus throwing the line of weight of the body over the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures and the fine poise of their heads.

The same aristocratic carriage is within the reach of any American girl who takes the pains to have it, it is only the question of a few years and eternal vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her and she never afterwards loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles in tone and well strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over 30, and which it is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going up stairs, which most women do, bent forward, with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.—*Dress.*

That Tired Feeling

Season is here again, and nearly every one feels weak, languid and exhausted. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It is, in a popular sense, the ideal spring medicine. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes *that tired feeling*, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE DYING SOLDIER.

MRS. L. M. SMITH, LA CROSS, KAS.

WITHIN a Southern prison-pen
A dying soldier lay;
His thoughts were on his Northern home,
So many miles away.
A comrade knelt beside him
Who heard his breathing low;
Observing on his pallid ing brow
Death's dew there gathering slow.

The dying soldier feebly spoke:

"Dear comrade, sing to me
A hymn I learned long years ago,
Beside dear mother's knee:
'Jerusalem, my happy home,'
Sweet song of heaven and rest.
Of all the sacred melodies
I love, it's first and best.

"Now, hold my helpless hand in your's,
And while you sing to me
I'll dream I stand a boy once more
Beside dear mother's knee."
Upon the quiet evening air
The hymn rose, sweet and clear—
"Jerusalem, my happy home,"
The pacing sentries hear.

The dying warrior caught the strain,
His voice rose firm and clear;
"'Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,'
Would God that I were there!
'Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,'"
His face shone wonderous fair;
God's glory seemed to fill the place—
The soldiers bowed in prayer.

They seemed to hear the viewless wings
Of the angelic band,
That came to bear their comrade, dear,
To that celestial land.
And ere the last sweet, solemn strain
Had ceased, the angels bore
His soul to heaven's gold-paved streets,
Where wars shall be no more.

Weeping comrades kneel beside
His cold and lifeless clay;
They fold his hands, and from his brow
The damp curls smooth away.
They say, "Adieu, old comrade, true,
All toil and danger's past;
All fighting o'er; the victory's won,
You're safe at home at last."

WHO GOT THE CURTAINS?

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Have you room for one more? My husband enlisted in Co. G, 100th O. V. I., in 1862, and was discharged from the service in 1865 at Greensboro, N. C. He is almost blind from disease contracted while in the line of duty, but has never asked for a pension—thinks Comrade Harrison will see that the boys get their due. My only brother enlisted in Co. H, 9th Reg., I. V. I., in 1861, served about one year, was discharged on account of poor health, came home, regained his health and re-enlisted in Co. C, 43d I. V. I., in 1864. He was among the many who guarded prisoners at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.

I often wonder if any of the soldiers who bring "chips" to the CAMP FIRE were among those who cut off our lace curtains in 1864, while I sat watching at the bedside of a sick mother. The curtains were found in Camp Carrington, where they did duty as dishcloths. The boys' foraging was not confined to the South alone; they did it at home in a land of plenty. I think it must have been handed down from father to son. The very cows would run at sight of a soldier. A dairyman who resided near Camp Burnside sold off his cows because the brave boys "got there" first.

Where is that soldier who came to our house to borrow a pickaxe to "saw" some boards with which to make a coop to put the "hundred days'" men in?

I like to read the CAMP FIRE, and hope soldiers' wives will contribute, for they, too, suffered many hardships. My John is a member of the Albert Sherry post, No. 337. He thinks all soldiers should belong to the G. A. R.—MRS. J., Trent, Mich.

CHICKEN FOR CHUCK.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—After the evacuation of Atlanta Gen. Hood made a raid through East Tennessee. Our regiment was stationed on the Knoxville & Chattanooga railway. As Hood passed us he tried to take us in, but after fighting us about an hour, he concluded it would cost him more than we were worth. He started on and we started in pursuit. It was a very warm day and we marched hard, thinking we could overtake the rebel forces. We did not stop for dinner. About 2 o'clock p. m. we arrived at a plantation, and seeing a well in front of the mansion, several of the comrades concluded to stop and get a drink of water. While we were quenching our thirst with copious draughts of Adam's ale, the lady of the house appeared at her door and began calling us "Northern spies," "Lincoln hirelings," "blue-bellied yankees," and such endearing epithets. We filled our canteens and started away, but she followed us, pronouncing blessings upon us. As we filed out of the yard we passed a large bush, under which were gathered about two dozen chickens. Comrade J. E. Cowman picked up a wagon neckyoke, and with all the vengeance of a hungry yankee, hurled it at the group of fowls. And we all secured a chicken without having to run far for them. Mine, unfortunately, proved to be a 4-year-old rooster with spurs 2½ inches long; it was very tough. It should also be said by any of the boys who got one of those chickens, I hope they will show up about the CAMP FIRE.—S. D. C., Co. A, 2d O. H. A., Beloit, Kan.

BUT THEY ATE THE PORK.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While Gen. Palmer's command was stationed in front of Corinth, Miss., May 14, 1862, our regiment was deployed as skirmishers. We had not advanced more than half a mile until the boys discovered a drove of hogs. The boys immediately made a brilliant charge on the "fresh meat" brigade, contrary to army regulations, and in direct disobedience to Gen. Palmer's orders. But the soldiers were tired of eating hardtack and salt junk, and so fired a volley into the drove of hogs.

"I've got her!" yelled Sergeant Jim McNulta; and sure enough he had caught one of the wounded hogs. The next thing was to get the animal dressed and out of sight before the officers discovered what had been done. While the principal portion of the detail continued on the skirmish a few remained behind to skin the hog.

Comrades, did you ever help skin a hog? We didn't scald them and scrape the hair off, as we were accustomed to at home—oh, no! we skinned them.

Well, the boys had the meat already to put in the haversacks, when Gen. Palmer came riding up and surprised the entire outfit. Discovering what we had been at, he ordered the boys to dig a grave, bury the hog in style, and fire a salute over the grave. Then he ordered us to the front, and reminded us that Gen. Beauregard's army was before us. However, the average old soldier is cunning, and during the following night some of the boys slipped back and resurrected the hog, and we had "buried" pork to eat for two days.

I served four years, was in 71 battles and skirmishes, was wounded three times, and was the first man to fling the starry flag to the breeze on Mission Ridge. My father was killed in the Mexican war, and my brother, a member of the 8th Mo. Inft., was killed at Ft. Donelson.—HENRY C. DIXON, Co. E, 27th Ills. V. V., Blackburn, Mo.

MADE AN EXCHANGE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—As I have seen nothing in the department from comrades of my regiment, the 120th Ills., or the 113th Ills., I would inquire if Capt. W. H. B. Hoyt, of the 113th, recollects the experience we had with the Johnnies at Eastport, on the Tennessee river, in October, 1864?

He and I, together with some 20 others, were taken in by the reba. We were taken to Corinth next day, and confined there four or five days. While we remained there Gen. Forest gave Capt. Hoyt and I each a blanket. One day a rebel captain came into the prison and said it would be best for us all to give him our watches for safe keeping, while we remained there. I presume he has kept them safe, for I have never heard of or seen mine since.

We were taken from Corinth to Meridan, Miss. There we got cornmeal and beef to eat once a day—and wrestled with graybacks all the time. Has the captain forgotten how to bake cornbread yet?

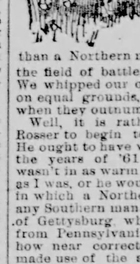
I entered into a written contract with Col. G. W. Law, of 1st Mo. Cav., C. S. A., to go to Johnson's Island and get Frank Clewell, Law's adjutant, in exchange for myself. It was necessary for me to first go to Washington and get an order for the prisoner from the war department. I secured the prisoner, brought him to Vicksburg, Miss., and from there he was sent through the lines to rebeldom, while I returned to my regiment at Memphis, Tenn., reaching the command on December 24, 1864. If Capt. Hoyt, or Col. Law, of the rebel army, who was very kind to me; or Frank Clewell, his adjutant, or any of the comrades of the 120th or 113th see this I hope to hear from them.—WM. ROARK, Harrisburg, Ills.

TENNESSEE TRIBULATIONS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed in the CAMP FIRE April 4, an article from Comrade W. H. Jones, late of Co. C, 13th Tenn. Cav., headed "Loyal Tennesseans," which shows plainly that he has had some acquaintance with the barbarous and inhuman acts of rebels and their brutal treatment of loyal Tennesseans and other unionists of the Southern states during the war. His sketch brings vividly to my mind the horrible treatment myself and hundreds of others suffered at the hands of the bloodthirsty rebel ruffians of our country, many of whom were our next-door neighbors. Not satisfied with the mere placing of us in the rebel army, they inflicted cruel and most inhuman punishment on all who showed even a slight disposition to dodge them or keep out of their way. And this was not confined to those included in the conscript act, only, but the aged and feeble were often the objects of their hostility. One old man, for no other crime than that of being a union man, was taken out of his house and tied to his night clothes and murdered, and another was murdered, disemboweled and his body cast into a creek. By keeping myself concealed in the woods and mountains I escaped being caught, and on December 15, 1862, in company with eight or ten others, I started for Kentucky to join the union army. After twelve days and nights—mostly nights—of wandering through the Cumberland mountains, wading creeks and rivers in the dead of winter, and running many narrow risks and hair-breadth escapes, we finally reached Somerset, Ky., where we found a small detachment of our army. A part of our squad volunteered and soon after were sent to Nashville, and from there to the front; and from that time until the close of the war we did our share of the fighting, marching and other hard service. I returned home broken down in health, and otherwise disabled, and have been confined to my bed for about nineteen years. Would like to hear from my comrades through the CAMP FIRE.—A COMRADE, Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav.

GEN. ROSSER'S BOLD ASSERTION.

BY COMRADE SAMUEL WHEELER.



ACCORDING to an item which appeared in the "Current Events" column of THE BLADE April 11, General Bradley T. Johnston, speaking at a reunion of the Baltimore light artillery, C. S. A., said that he agreed with General Rosser, who says: "A Southern man is better any day than a Northern man. He was better on the field of battle, and is so to this day. We whipped our opponents when we met on equal grounds, and we whipped them when they outnumbered us two to one!"

Well, it is rather late now for Gen. Rosser to begin to whip Northern men. He ought to have whipped them between the years of 1861 and 1865. Perhaps he was; I was warm a place on July 6, 1863, as I was, or he would know of one instance in which a Northern man was as good as any Southern man. It was after the battle of Gettysburg, when Lee was retreating from Pennsylvania. This retreat shows how near correct Rosser was, when he made use of the above language, for the armies were very nearly equal at Gettysburg, and if the Southern men were badly whipped.

Gen. Kilpatrick was ordered to follow up on Lee's flank and destroy all trains and do all the damage he could. In doing so we headed him off at Hagerstown, arriving almost in his front at that town. We began skirmishing with those Southern men. In a few minutes Gen. Kilpatrick gave orders to my brigade commander to send a squadron up Main street. In a few minutes our squadron was flying up the street towards the great Southern men. They were there by thousands. They stood their ground and fought nobly; but the cowardly Northern men (forty in number) rode on amid their fire, and gained the opposite side of the town. Then we struck the Southern brigade with a "charge" drawn up in battle array—infantry, cavalry and artillery—at least 20,000 strong; and the little handful of northern cowards charged up to within 100 yards of the rebel lines. Then began a fusilade from those 20,000 brave Southerners. The saddles of those cowardly Northern men were emptied fast, but amid the fire and death I saw one Northern soldier urging his horse, amid dead and dying. A Southern soldier advanced and said: "Surrender, you —— yankee!" Instead of surrendering he opened fire, and ran the Southern soldier off the field into an apple orchard, and that in the presence of fifteen or twenty thousand of his brethren.

Now, when Gen. Rosser makes the assertion that Gen. Bradley Johnson says he made, about

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

The Gallican Church.

N. S. P., Muskegon, Mich.: The term "Gallican church" is used in two senses: First, merely signifying the Catholic church in France; second, it is applied to a set church only so far as it holds to certain national privileges, doctrines and usages. The ancient name of France was Gaul, or in Latin, Gallia; hence the name "Gallican," which if simply a Latin derivative, meaning "French." Those Catholics in France who have advocated the distinguishing characteristics of the French church in opposition to the claims of Rome have been generally called the Gallican party in the church, while those supporting the claims of Rome have been called the Roman, papal, or ultramontane party. From this arising there was a strong national feeling in the French Catholic church, the most important manifestation of which was the "pragmatic sanction" of Louis IX. issued in 1268, which forbade the paying of moneys for the papal court without the consent of the King, and fixed, independently of the pope, the cases in which appeals were allowed from ecclesiastical tribunals to the royal courts. This spirit of independence of Rome was strengthened by decrees passed at the fourth and fifth sessions of the council of Constance; while those of the council of Basel were in revolt against the pope. These decrees were condemned by the pope, but were promulgated by the pragmatic sanction of Charles VII as the fundamental law of the Gallican church, which placed the general church council above the pope, forbade the paying of taxes to the pope for appointing bishops and prelates, and other minor provisions. The long struggle went on, with varying success. The concordat between Francis I and Pope Leo X. in 1516, yielded to most of the demands of the Pope; and this lasted until the revolution of 1789, which overthrew the Catholic church in France. Napoleon reestablished it as a state church by concordat with Pope Pius VII, in 1801, with the proviso that the proclamation of papal decrees depends upon the government; there shall always be the right of appeal to the council of state against abuses of ecclesiastical power, etc. The later changes in the French government have avoided any conflict with Rome, and the priestly power in France is now very largely in accord with the extremest demands of the papal authority. Gallicanism can hardly be said to exist at the present time in the French church.

"Australian System"—Associated Press.

A. R. E., Fremont, N. C.: The Australian system of voting was explained in full in THE BLADE of December 20th last. Briefly it is this: The state prints the tickets, and no one else is allowed to do so under heavy penalty. Each ticket contains the names of every candidate, of every party, for each office. The voting place is so prepared that only one man can enter at a time. No first shows his right to vote, if it is disputed. Then he is given one ticket, by an official whose sole duty it is to do so. He retires into one of several stalls, so made that no one can see him or talk to him, where he makes an "X" after the name of each candidate he prefers. He then goes to the ballot box, deposits his vote, and walks out. No one knows how he voted, nor is there any way of tracing his ballot. He can not have any communication with any one from the time he takes his ticket until it is deposited. He can not have a prepared ticket in his pocket, to substitute for the lawful ticket, for it will not be counted. Hence bribery is impossible. These states which have recently passed election laws based on this system have generally incorporated in this a provision for illiterate voters, by which there are sworn officials, one for each party, at the polls. On the request of the illiterate voter, one of these may accompany him into the booth and tell him which are the candidates of the party he wishes to vote with, that the voter may mark them.

2.—The "Associated Press" is a combination of leading newspapers in all the cities of the country, to obtain the news. There is a General Manager, to whom the agents in all the cities report. The latter collect news, and forward to the General Manager. The Associated Press has leased wires from the Western Union Telegraph company, which run from each city into the offices of the newspapers belonging to it. The news thus collected is sent by wire all over the country, to the papers composing the association. The expenses are divided up among the papers. THE BLADE is a member of the Associated Press. 3.—The execution of Major Andre was justified by all rules of warfare. No military authority ever questioned it. There was much sympathy for him on account of his youth and talents, but that is all.

Internal Revenue Liquor Tax—State License.

G. R., Perry, Mich.: 1.—The United States Internal revenue law provides that there shall be paid by manufacturers a tax of 90 cents per gallon on all whisky and distilled liquors made; $1 on every barrel of 31 gallons of ale or beer, etc. Wholesale liquor dealers pay a special annual tax of $100, if they deal in malt liquors only, $50 per year. Retail liquor dealers pay $25 per year special tax; malt liquors only, $20. The tax is paid to the United States internal revenue collector in whose district they propose to commence business, and there is issued, which the dealer must keep posted in a conspicuous place. Any one desiring to sell liquors must obtain the stamp and pay the special annual tax, including druggists, who sell for medical purposes. One can not engage in the business who desires, so far as the United States is concerned. This special tax is a national matter, and has no relation to state taxes, licenses, restrictive or prohibitory laws. The buying of the stamps and paying the tax gives no rights to sell, irrespective of state laws. This is often called a government "license," but it is not. The word "license" is not used in the internal revenue laws. 2.—A high state license is some localities diminishes the amount of liquor sold. This is the case in Pittsburg, in Philadelphia, in Boston, and in many other cities. On the other hand, it is said not to decrease the amount sold in Nebraska and Illinois. The evidence seems conflicting, but the truth seems to be that where the state license is so high as to largely diminish the number of saloons, the amount of liquor is diminished largely. When the state license is low, no such effect is produced. 3.—We have not the statistics to answer satisfactorily. We cannot argue points in this column. That is the province of the editor, on the editorial page.

Gambetta—Havelock—Gordon.

F. D. H., Round Lake, N. Y.: 1.—Leon Gambetta, the French lawyer, orator and statesman, was born at Cohoes in 1838. He studied law and began at Paris in 1859. In 1868 he was not till 1868 that he became noted, then acquiring fame in defending political prosecutions. After the battle of Sedan he became minister of the Interior, and escaped from Paris during the siege by balloon, in order to stir up the provinces to defend the capitol. After the war he became a member of the assembly, and speedily a leader of the Ultra Republican section. In 1881 he became prime minister, but resigned in a few months. He died in 1882.

2.—Major Gen. Sir Henry Havelock was born in England in 1795. He went to India in 1823, and honorably distinguished himself, especially in the great India mutiny in 1856-7. After the relief of Lucknow, he died of dysentery. He was a devout Christian, and from this circumstance Gen. O. O. Howard has been called "the American Havelock."

3.—Gen. Charles George Gordon was born in 1833, wounded before Sebastopol in the Crimean war; entered the Chinese service, and aided in suppressing the Taiping rebellion, 1863-64, from which he was sometimes called "Chinese" Gordon; held several posts of distinction in the British army; in 1875 commanded an expedition to follow up Baker's African explorations, during which he suppressed the slave traffic on the Red Sea. In 1884 he commanded the forces sent to the Soudan to quell the insurgents under the Mahdi. He was killed when Khartoum was captured by the Mahdi in 1885.

Railway Mail Agents.

Reader, Republican City, Neb.: You will find an article on the editorial (4th) page of the Weekly BLADE of May 2, which covers the appointment of railway postal clerks, or "mail agents," as they are sometimes called. Read it, and then we will add the following: All appointments to the service will hereafter be made from among those who have been examined and have passed the examination satisfactorily. You do not need the "influence" of anybody to aid you in getting a position. You must prove yourself fitted for the position, and better fitted than the others who apply—for the positions will be given those standing highest. The method of procedure is this:

Write to John C. Doyle, secretary Civil Service commission, Washington, D. C., stating that you desire to be an applicant for a position in the railway mail service, and request a blank application for a position. This will be sent you. Fill it out and return it, and you will receive, at the proper time, a notification that civil service examinations will be held at certain designated points. You will then promptly notify the commission which examination you will attend. You will, of course, select the point most convenient of access to you, as they will be held at two points in each state (except Rhode Island and Delaware, we think). You will be examined. If you receive a grade on examination entitling you to it, you will be certified to the head of the Railway Mail service for appointment. When vacancies occur in the service, those who are certified will be taken in the order of their standing—the highest first, and so on. This is the last time we shall answer any question relating to this matter.

The Wandering Jew.

S. F. G., Kumler, Ill.: The story of the "Wandering Jew" is a fable, invented during the Middle Ages. It has not one particle of truth. There are many differing versions of the legend. The most common one is that he was a Jew of the tribe of Naphtali, who was born seven or eight years before Christ, and who ran away from home to accompany the three wise men from the East who were guided by a star to the manger in Bethlehem. On his return to Jerusalem, his story of the visit was said to have led to the massacre of the innocents. Being a carpenter, he was employed to make the cross on which Christ died. On the way to Calvary, they passed his workshop, when the soldiers asked him to allow the Saviour to enter for a few minutes' rest, which he insultingly refused. According to another story, he was a shoemaker, and refused to allow Christ to rest in his shop. According to both stories, Christ bade him to travel the earth, without stop or rest, until His second coming. The legend first appears in the "Chronicles" of Matthew Paris, in the 13th century. The legend has formed the basis for many poems, romances, etc. It is simply one of the wild swarm of mediæval fables, without the slightest foundation in fact.

All About the Census.

F. H. A., Orland Ind.: "How are the officers of the census of 1890 in different states and counties appointed, and by whom? Salary? To whom should I apply for a position in taking the census?"

M. G., Perry: "How, when and by whom the township census takers are appointed?"

A. H. T., Cedarville, Cal: "Will you be kind enough to tell me through the Question Bureau of THE BLADE about the work and manner of taking the United States census? Please give divisions of the work (national, state or district, county, township, etc.) stating also who appoints the various officers, length of year work is done, how soon to be completed."

All the information possible to be obtained now is contained in a special letter from THE BLADE'S Washington correspondent, printed on the fifth page of this issue. Those interested will please cut it out and preserve it, as we shall not answer any more questions about it. "M. G." will see that census-takers are not appointed by townships. No appointments of census-takers can be made until the supervisors are appointed, and this will not be till next spring.

The Republic of Andorra.

J. H. S., Eaton, Kan.: Andorra is a little republic, shut in on all sides by the Pyrenees, between France and Spain. It contains 200 square miles, and has about 12,000 population. The chief products are tobacco, grapes and timber. Grain for food comes from France. The principal occupation is cattle-raising. The people of Andorra having aided Charlemagne against the Moors, he gave them the privilege of self government, which they have retained ever since. The executive power is held by the president or first syndic, of a general council, aided by a second syndic, both elected for four years by the council, which is composed of 24 members, also elected for four years, by four heads of families of each commune. (Andorra is divided into six communes.) The republic pays a tribute of 960 francs every second year to France, and 460 francs in the old years to the Bishop of Urgel. The Andorrans are a fine, vigorous race, but illiterate and uncommunicative, though hospitable. They marry among themselves, and the chief families are all related to each other.

Solomon's Temple—Jury Trials.

A. C. T., Delphos, Kan.: 1.—Nobody knows the manner in which the stones of the Jewish temple were put in place. Probably the same means were used in building it as in other buildings. The structure was not large, when compared with many other buildings of the same period. The later explorations in Jerusalem render it quite probable that the stone for Solomon's temple was quarried in Mount Moriah itself, on which the structure stood. Inclined planes were doubtless used to raise the stones to the places where they were to lie. They were dressed accurately before being brought to the spot, so that no sound of hammer was heard in the building itself. 2.—Jury trial arose in England, and the reason why 12 men were settled upon as the proper number is not known. It was probably because there are 12 months in the year; possibly because there were 12 apostles; but no one knows certainly. The idea of jury trials is not Biblical in any sense.

The Barber's Pole.

C. H. S., Clay City, Ill., asks "Why do barbers use the national colors (red, white and blue) for a sign? Its origin for that purpose?" The barber's pole has a history going back into the middle ages. Barbers then were often surgeons in a small way, especially in the matter of blood-letting, which used to be almost universal in slight ailments, fevers, etc. Hence it became the custom for barbers to hang out a white pole, representing the human arm, with a red stripe around it, signifying the bandage wrapped around the arm after sufficient blood had been drawn—the red color signifying the blood stains. A brass basin, used to catch the blood drawn out, was hung on the end of the pole. With the advance in medical science, blood-letting ceased to be part of a barber's duties, but the pole with its red stripe was retained as the sign of his occupation. The addition of the blue stripe is a modern innovation, originating in this country, doubtless suggested by the national colors.

Postmaster Pearson.

D. R. Plainville, Neb.: Postmaster Pearson, of New York, who died a few days ago, was appointed to that position by President Arthur. He was then a Republican, a friend of the president. In the campaign of 1884, Mr. Pearson became a mugwump, along with George William Curtis and others, and supported Cleveland for the Presidency. There was strong pressure brought to bear on Cleveland to retain Pearson as postmaster by the mugwumps and civil service reformers, but he refused, as he yielded to it, retaining Pearson, as an acknowledgment of the service the mugwumps did him in the election of 1884. Pearson acted with the Democrats, we believe, from 1884 up to the time of his death, and therefore incorrect to speak of him as a "Republican retained in office by Cleveland." He was kept in his position simply as a means of conciliating the mugwumps.

Why Water Power is Stronger at Night.

C. L. G., Rock Spring, Mo., writes: "I. L., of Palatine, Ill., seems to be at a loss to know why the pressure of water is greater at night than in daytime. I think I can explain. The dampness being greater and the atmosphere much heavier at night, that would press down on the water so that the pressure on machinery is much greater, owing to the weight and heaviness of the atmosphere being greater. If any one else can give a better reason, please explain."

Texas Lands.

A. F. M., Blue Springs, Mo., writes: "I have been informed that certain lands in the state of Texas, called school lands, can be bought for $2 per acre on 30 years' time, the purchaser paying yearly installments. Where will I write, and whom will I address, to find out about it?" We know nothing of the land referred to. Write to Hon. R. M. Hall, Land Commissioner, Austin, Texas, for information.

Miscellaneous.

J. W., Gambier, O.: The capital of Arizona is Prescott. It was changed from Tucson in 1877.

T. R., ——: We never heard of the book you mention, and have no idea where you can procure it.

H. S. D., Helena, Mont.: We have no copy of Patrick Henry's poem against the parsons in Virginia.

Lilla, Wauseon, O.: The new British minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, pronounces his name "Pantsfut."

F. R., Willett's Point, N. Y.: There is such a firm, but we know nothing of their reliability. See Rule 4 above.

J. W. P., Humboldt, Neb.: Talmage's book is the "Pathway of Life," but we don't know by whom published. See Rules 2 and 3 above.

I. M. L., Wilmot, Ind.: You can get the words and music of "Lorena" of any music dealer. It will cost probably 30 or 40 cents. See Rules 2 and 3 above.

O. C., Marietta, O.: The bridge referred to in Longfellow's famous poem is probably the bridge over the Charles River, on the road between Boston and Cambridge.

A. C., Richmond, Ind.: 1.—Mt. St. Elias, Alaska, is the highest mountain in North America. 2.—The estimated population of New York City this year is 1,560,536.

R. W., Tucker, Wash.: Your best course is to retain a good lawyer, and appeal to the Land Commissioner to reverse his decision. You should have fought the matter from the start.

E. B., Bennettville, N. Y.: Write to the secretary of the state board of Agriculture, Topeka, Kan., inquiring how to obtain his report. Mention that you saw the notice in THE BLADE.

O. S., Rich Hill, Mo.: We have no formula for "malted milk." We published a recipe for making koumyss a few weeks ago, however. Your other question has been handed to the FARM editor.

M. A. C., Wilmington, O.: A passport is necessary in most foreign countries; it is not required in England. You can get it, through a notary public, from the state department at Washington.

Dick, Altoona, Pa.: France has a stronger navy than Germany. She has 13 vessels more heavily armored than the heaviest of Germany's vessels; 48 guns heavier than any of Germany's, and 53 sea-going armorclads, against Germany's 13.

W. A., Alliance, Neb.: The name of the commissioner of pensions is James M. Tanner. You should read the News of the Week, on the 7th and 8th pages. It has been given there a number of times.

M. S., Hartford, Conn.: The poem, "Anthony and Cleopatra," beginning "I am dying, Egypt, dying," was written by Gen. W. H. Lytle, of Cincinnati, previous to the war. We cannot republish it.

J. O., Auburn, Ky.: All so-called "divining rods," to find gold, silver, or other minerals, are base humbugs. A brief study of natural science—physics and chemistry—would show you that such a thing as finding any mineral by such means is utterly impossible. The men who try to sell such alleged "divining-rods" are swindlers.

L. S. G., Toledo, O.: The location and terminals of the important railroad lines of the United States would involve too much space, when the information is so easily accessible to all. Any of the large railroad guides gives the facts relating to every railway in the country, with complete maps of all important lines. We refer you to these.

Reader, Rock Creek, O.: 1.—Ohio has probably had her share of diplomatic positions abroad. Minister Stallo, at Rome, is a resident of Cincinnati, for example. 2 and 3.—Such replies are out of our line. You must excuse us from attempting to decide who are the more eminent physicians, musicians, lawyers and clergymen of Ohio.

S. G. R., Cranberry, Ohio: 1.—An amendment to the federal constitution takes the place of any provision of the constitution then existing which is in conflict with it. 2.—For information about lands in Washington write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office, at either Olympia, Vancouver, Walla Walla, Spokane Falls, or North Yakima.

J. H. S., Holden, Mo.: In the Weekly BLADE of March 14, 5th page, article headed "Oklahoma Lands," you will find full information about the Creek and Seminole lands in the Indian Territory. When the negotiations with the Indians there specified are completed, the President is empowered to issue his proclamation opening them to settlement.

B. E. A., Pimona, Kan.: 1.—The word "wind" was formerly pronounced with the long sound of i, to rhyme with "mind" and "find." In poetry, wherever this pronunciation is needed to preserve the rhyme, it is proper to give it. It does not seem to be necessary, however, in the line you quote, "Where the winds and waves a constant chorus keep." 2.—As a rule, the same license is allowable in music as in poetry—no more.

Undecided, ——, O.: Once again we say that the twentieth century begins with the year 1901. When you are counting 100 you haven't the complete 100 until you have got to 101; so with the centuries; the first century didn't end with the last day of the year 99, but with the last day of the year 100, etc. We do not suppose this question a dozen times, but there are still moving bodies who haven't brains enough to see that 99 is not 100.

Querist, La Grange, Ky.: In the case you mention, wherein a father and his son marry a daughter and her mother, the relationship of their children is very complicated. Father's son is half brother to his grandfather by marriage, the son's son is half brother-in-law to his own grandfather. The father's son is, on his father's side, uncle to the boy who, on his mother's side, is his uncle; that is, they are uncle and nephew to each other.

W. G., Toledo, O.: The etymology of the word "dude" is obscure. Its remote origin is probably to be found in the Scotch "duddies," or "duds," both meaning clothes. The application of the idea in the form with which we are familiar is said to have originated with Mr. Herman Oelrichs, who described one of the now familiar tailor's manikins as a "dude." *Putnam's Magazine*, as far back as 1870, contained the expression: "She is dressed like a dud," etc.

C. C. M., Blue Rapids, Kan.: 1.—President Harrison was born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. 2.—Vice President Morton was born at Shoreham, Vermont, May 16, 1824. 3.—Gen. McClellan was called the "Young Napoleon" by some of his admirers at the beginning of the war, chiefly because, like Napoleon, he was a small man; and on the hope that his deeds would rival those of Napoleon—in which they were disappointed.

——: 1.—All that is known of the forbidden fruit is just what is told in Genesis ii, 16, 17, and iii, 2d to 7th, inclusive. All else is simply guess-work. 2.—Members of the British Parliament are not paid for their services. They serve for nothing except the honor of the position. 3.—In some respects, notably the veto power, the President of the United States has more authority than the Queen of England; in others, the reverse.

Inquisitiveness, Raleigh, Ill.: 1.—The magazines you name are published in Boston. Each is $3 a year. A letter addressed to the editor of either, at Boston, Mass., will reach them. 2.—"Wilson's Punctuation" is a good work on that subject. Editors fix the price of contributions generally, but not always. 3.—He is his son. Read Rule 1 above, and don't send more than three questions at once.

D. W. R., Sweet Water, Ariz.: There is no secret about the gas for balloons. Very few balloons are ever filled with gas, a balloon is generally filled with the ordinary illuminating gas. Small balloons are inflated with heated air, and ascents by persons have been made with hot air. Hydrogen gas is the best, because it is lightest, but it is more expensive to make. A balloon will lift the difference in weight between the gas it contains and an equal bulk of air.

F. L. F., Garden City, Kan.: 1.—When examinations are held by the civil service commission for the examination of clerkships in any of the departments at Washington, the three candidates, we think, having the highest numbers are certified for appointment. The next vacancies that occur are filled from those thus certified, and they must wait till a vacancy occurs, whether it be one month or one year. 2.—The lowest grade of clerkships at Washington pay less than $800 a year, and the higher grades are filled by promotions from this class.

A. W. L., Cambridge, O.: 1.—Mr. Parnell pronounces his name Parnell, the accent being on the first syllable. Mr. Parnell told the writer this. 2.—For the Home Rule question, see this department in BLADE of April 18. There is no valid argument against Home Rule. A "quasi war" is not a "half war." The Latin word *quasi* means "as if," or "in a manner." We speak of a "quasi argument," meaning that we use it as if it were a real argument, when it really is no argument at all. One might speak of the trouble between two countries as a "quasi war," if troops had been raised, but the difficulty were settled without a single battle.

X. Y. Z., Mass.: Your questions are hardly of "general interest," but we will reply briefly. 1.—You should have had a definite agreement as to the amount each partner could draw out for living expenses. Failing this, when the partnership closed by the sale of one partner's interest to a third party, the entire stock, etc., belonging to the firm should be valued, divided into equal parts, and each partner credited with his half. Then each should be debited with his expenses. If B. drew out $200 more than A., then he should pay $100 over to A. so as to make their debits equal. 2.—In a partnership, each partner is individually responsible for the firm's debts. 3.—If C. buys out B.'s interest in the firm, he pays B. for it, of course. If, on the contrary, C. merely buys an interest in the firm, he pays the firm for his share. We hope these replies are satisfactory.

W. C. B., Napoleon, O.: 2.—The word "Dutch" is applied to the inhabitants of Holland, "German" to those of Germany. There is a common misuse of the word "Dutch," in applying it to Germans, in this country. A man is not of Dutch descent unless his ancestors come from Holland. New York was settled by the Dutch, not Germans. 2.—The two negro republics in America are Hayti and Dominica, both in the island of Hayti. 3.—The reason some persons, when lost, travel in a circle, seems to depend upon a slight preponderance of one-half of the body over the other half. One foot, in walking, makes a little longer step than the other, and the person thus gradually makes a circle, the foot which makes the shorter step being on the inside of the circle. See Rule 1 above; only three questions at one time.

W. J. B., Greenville, Ala.: 1.—Hannibal was a general of Carthage, a great city lying on the northern coast of Africa, on the Mediterranean sea. Carthage and Rome were at war, and Hannibal landed a Carthaginian army on the east coast of Spain, and marched against Rome, having to cross the Alps in so doing. He was the first to lead an army across them. 2.—General R. E. Lee was a Virginian, a descendant of a family which emigrated to Virginia from England in the time of Charles I. Hence he was not a Yankee. 3.—Men are often or tener bald-headed than women for two reasons: first, the hat, fitting tightly, obstructs the flow of blood, and hence prevents the hair being fully nourished; second, men more frequently indulge in severe mental labor, directing the blood to the brain, and diminishing the normal supply to the scalp.

C. H. L., Hebron, Colo.: 1.—To find out about joining an United States surveying party to Alaska, write a letter of inquiry addressed to "United States Surveyor Generals office, Denver, Colo." 2.—The "guano scandal" you refer to was this: During Garfield's Presidency, certain citizens of the United States claimed that the Peruvian government had infringed their rights in certain claims they held to Guano on the islands lying off the coast. They appealed to the United States government for its protection. Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, sent a government agent there to examine into the matter. The cry was at once raised by his political enemies that he was interested personally in the claims, and was trying to use the power of the government to bolster up his own private enterprises. It was a malicious lie, without the shadow of proof, and soon died out.

The True Way To Reach Boils

TO CURE Eczema, Pimples, and Eruptive Diseases of all kinds is to purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Until the blood is cleansed, there can be no permanent relief from these troubles.

"Four years ago I was severely afflicted with salt-rheum, the itching being so incessant as to seriously interfere with sleep. Painful scrofulous sores appeared on my neck and the upper part of my arms, and from there the humor went to my eyes. My appetite being poor, my health rapidly failed. I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished ten bottles I regained my appetite, improved greatly in strength, and was permanently cured of the salt-rheum and scrofula. I consider that what I spent for this medicine was well invested. The Sarsaparilla has indeed done me incalculable good."—Mrs. Caroline A. Garland, Deerfield, N. H., (formerly of Lowell, Mass.).

"My little niece was afflicted with a severe cutaneous disease, which broke out at intervals and resisted treatment. At last, we tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This acted like magic. She is now entirely cured and has been in perfect health for several months."—Margaret Peyston, Clarendon, Ark.

"For a long time I was afflicted with salt-rheum, and could find nothing to relieve me. A friend recommended

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla, and after taking four bottles I was cured."—Edwin R. Tombs, Ogemaw Springs, Mich.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

To Reach Boils

And Carbuncles, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other medicine produces such immediate and salutary results.

C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., was almost literally covered with boils and carbuncles. These all disappeared as the result of using only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This proves that the true way to reach these troubles is through the blood. "It is now over six years," writes Mr. Murray, "since I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I have not had a pimple, nor boil, nor a sign of one in all that time."

"Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. Another effect of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a number of carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and was tormented with pain almost beyond endurance. All means of relief to which I resorted failed until I began to take Ayer's Sar-

saparilla, one bottle of which medicine restored me to health."—S. Carter, Nashville, Tennessee.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

BONNET OF BLACK LACE.

This elegant bonnet is made of black Chantilly lace arranged on a wire foundation, and with a double brim, between which is put a demi-wreath of pink roses. Jet aigrette trim the crown, from which starts a bouquet of roses towering above this. Strings 35½ inches long of plain black tulle. Lace and tulle are the most fashionable stuffs for spring bonnets and hats.

UNDER PETTICOAT RULE.

How Life was Infused into the Sleepy Town of Oskaloosa, Wis.

A year ago this pretty little prairie hamlet set the country agog by inaugurating a petticoat municipal government. Such a thing had never been dreamed of except by a few sour old maids who, failing to catch a husband, tried to complete the wretchedness of their existence by forcing their sex into trousers. That the ideas of these spinsters would ever take a serious form did not occur to any one until the legislature of Kansas apparently made a laughing-stock of itself by passing a bill that gave to women the right not only to vote but to hold municipal offices as well, and Oskaloosa simply gave the world a forcible interpretation of the suffrage act by electing a female mayor and a council entirely composed of women. It was the signal for a volley of ridicule. The press poked all manner of fun at the town, the illustrated papers caricatured it, and men who hate to see a woman do anything more useful than scour pots and pans and fry beefsteak, predicted that Oskaloosa would go to the dogs. But the people against whom the shafts of satire were turned, rather enjoyed the notoriety that was so unexpectedly thrust upon them, for they realized that their poky little village was being lifted out of the mire of obscurity and advertised far and wide. They were thoroughly in earnest when they subjected themselves to petticoat rule, and now that they have tested it for a year and the experiment has proved such a success, many of them have made up their minds to perpetuate the administration. That it has been a success more than two thirds of the business men are ready to testify, and they point with pride to the prosperous condition of trade, the increased population and striking public improvements, all of which have occurred under the administration of these city "mothers." Never in its history has the town known such a flood-tide of prosperity, and, to use the argument of Mr. J. N. Insley, cashier of the State Bank of Oskaloosa, no better proof is needed than the fact that for the first time since the war, the town is out of debt, there is not a vacant house within the corporate limits, more real estate transfers have been recorded during the last six months than during the preceding six years, property has advanced fully 50 per cent in value, new buildings are being put up, and for twelve months there has been but one person in the town arrested for any offense, and that was for slapping another man's face.

As soon as they were elected, without any flourish of trumpets, the mayor and council began their official duties. That they have discharged them without fear or favor is clearly manifested in the fact that they have made enemies as well as friends. Many obstacles confronted them in the beginning, the most perplexing of which was that the town was in debt and there was only 85 cents in the treasury. Another obstacle was that the marshal would not enforce the ordinances, but that was overcome when Mayor Lowan promptly removed him and appointed a man upon whom she could rely.

Then began such a crusade as never before had been known.

It was found that the ordinance relating to Sunday closing was not observed. Out went an order to the marshal to arrest any merchant who was caught selling goods Sunday. The hotels, livery stables and barber-shops were permitted to remain open, and druggists were allowed to sell medicines. The sale of cigars and tobacco Sunday was entirely prohibited. The proprietor of a bakery and ice-cream saloon asked permission to keep open, but it was refused. Consequently the Sabbath is now rigidly observed in Oskaloosa.

Then the mayor and council turned their attention to the bad boys. For years the young toughs of the place had been allowed to loaf about the streets at night and they had cut up all sorts of capers, such as moving signs from one place to another and rolling grindstones from in front of hardware stores to private residences. A proclamation was issued commanding all boys under 18 years of age to be off the streets at 8 o'clock in the evening, under penalty of arrest. Since then one cannot find a boy after that hour with a search warrant.

The ladies were greatly exercised over the subject of tobacco-chewing and looked carefully through the statutes for an ordinance that could be used to stop men from squirting tobacco juice on the sidewalks. They failed to find one, but some of the ladies were of the opinion that the ordinance relating to public indecencies would cover the nasty nuisance. They asked the City Attorney what he thought about it, and he told them that tobacco chewing was a personal libetty, and beyond the reach of municipal legislation. The ladies were somewhat disappointed, but did the next best thing they could, and that was to personally request every tobacco-chewer in town not to expectorate on the sidewalks. This had just as much if not more effect than an ordinance would, for the men are so respectful of the wishes of their female guardians that they unhesitatingly complied with the request, and now a lady may fearlessly sweep her skirts over the sidewalks without any danger of having them stained with filthy nicotine. Some of the men have even "sworn off" chewing.

Many other public improvements have been carried out by the ladies, and they will all be in the field for re-election this spring.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Humors run riot in the blood at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every impurity and vitalizes and enriches the blood.

STANLEY'S MARCH.

A Wonderful Record—His Adventurous and Splendid Exploit.

The story of Stanley's march through Africa has no parallel outside of the realm of fiction. Indeed, if such a record had been presented in the form of a romance the critics would have declared it to be altogether improbable. It introduces us to scenes and people so remote from even the poorest examples of civilization that notwe can comprehend them without a decided effort of the imagination. So much has been accomplished in the way of exploration in other parts of the world that we have accustomed ourselves to think that there were no more wonders to be found, forgetting the vast possibilities of the Dark Continent; and here we were suddenly confronted by facts which surpass in many respects the reports of all previous wanderers in wild and mysterious regions. We have no books and no maps to which we can turn for such information as is contained in Stanley's remarkable letter. It is a tale told for the first time. He gives us only glimpses, to be sure, of what he has seen; but they are sufficient to satisfy us that his discoveries will make a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a country which has hitherto existed for us merely in the nature of a geographical problem.

It will be remembered that this intrepid and persevering explorer left London in January, 1887, and reached the Congo in the latter part of April. Ever since then he has been practically lost to the civilized world. Vague reports have come from time to time regarding his whereabouts and his operations; but as a matter of fact we have not known definitely what he was doing, or whether he still lived. And now that we have reliable intelligence at last of his movements up to the 28th of August, 1888, the wonder is that he was able to survive all the perils and hardships which he encountered. He had obstacles to overcome at every step. The climate was an enemy to him that he could neither elude nor placate; his men sickened and died at a rate which was a constant source of anxiety and alarm. Then he had to deal with hostile forces wherever he went, and to fight his way from point to point as best he could, not knowing either the number or the resources of his antagonists. Moreover, he could not rely upon the fidelity of his followers; he had to be daily urging them to stand by him—and when pleadings and promises would no longer hold them, he boldly hanged two of them in order to stop the tendency to desertion and save himself from the melancholy fate which menaced him in such a distinct and persistent manner.

There is a touch of peculiar irony in the fact that when he finally reached the man whom he was in search of he found that his heroic struggle had been made without sufficient cause. He had expected to relieve a man surrounded by danger and eager to escape; but instead of that he met a man safely and pleasantly situated, and preferring to remain. This does not detract, however, from the credit which is due to Stanley for his adventurous and splendid exploit. He has proved himself to be not only an indomitable explorer, but also an able and successful leader. It required military skill of no common order to make such a journey under such circumstances. He had to rely entirely upon his own judgment, and to maintain discipline, where a forfeiture of his authority implied certain failure and destruction. Few men, even professional soldiers, have ever been subjected to such a severe test of personal courage, vigilance and fortitude; and certainly no one ever bore himself more admirably under conditions of that kind. There is the true inspiration in this man's modest but thrilling story of his experiences. It goes to show what bravery and self-reliance are worth and how much nobler it is to surmount obstacles than to be overcome by them. Not every man can be a Stanley, of course; but every man can and every man should imitate his earnest and determined methods and bring things to pass. The whole secret of success lies right there.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Female Prophesies.

The April *Lippincott* says in its "Book Talk," "There never was a female prophet." The man who wrote that had better confine his talk to books, and not mention women. Listen to the feminine prophesies—all fulfilled:

"He'll be sorry if he marries that woman."

"Those black stockings won't wash."

"You'll ruin your new stove-pipe. It's going to rain."

"If you change your flannels you'll catch cold."

"If dinner isn't ready he'll raise the roof."

"You'd better get a man to do it. You can't put up a stove."

"It's no use planting those seeds in that place. They won't grow."

"If you eat that now before going to bed you won't sleep any to-night."

"Don't do it. You won't get your money back."

"If we haven't anything fit to eat company will come."

"Just so sure as I leave the house something happens."

"Now I will work steady all day and have nothing to show for it."

"That child will be spoiled."

"I told you so!"

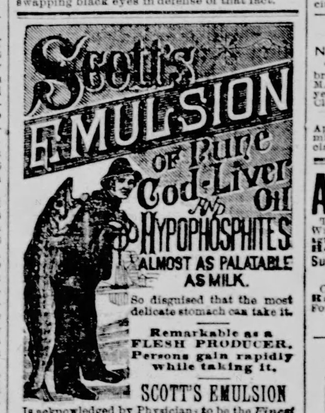
A Cure for Rabies.

A certain Dr. Wiggins, of Waterbury, Ct., has discovered a radical cure for rabies. A bright boy at work in the fields of a farmer, George Curtiss, was bitten by a dog and displayed such acute symptoms of hydrophobia that the family gave him up and stood tearfully about him, waiting for the end, as he barked, snapped and writhed upon the floor. At this critical juncture Dr. Wiggins happened in. He forced a glass of cold water down the boy's gullet, and, seeing that it did not send him into another spasm, took the urchin confidently and scientifically for a supper and bore a muscular tatoo upon the region where it was calculated to do most good. Since then, there has been no return of the frothing at the mouth, no barking, growling or snapping, and the case goes on record as one of the most complete cures in the annals of the medical profession. The patient was plowing yesterday, and confessed to a juvenile friend, in strict confidence, that he preferred "doing his chores" to suffering from a cure for hydrophobia. And the cases that Pasteur is alleged to have cured were probably about as serious as that of the Connecticut boy.

Handsomest in the World.

New York Herald.

The American flag is the handsomest flag in the world. There is no necessity for swapping black eyes in defense of that fact.



So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the *Finest* and *Best* preparation for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.* ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

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Epps's Cocoa.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

LICENSE OR PROHIBITION?

There is no doubt that the great majority sentiment of the people of the state of Pennsylvania is inimical to the Rum traffic. The majority of her citizens recognize it as a curse to the community. They know that at its door is to be laid the bulk of the crime and pauperism and vice that afflict the body politic. But they are by no means so harmonious as to the question upon which they will vote on June 18 next—whether there shall be incorporated in the state constitution a provision prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

This is a state of things to be lamented. If the sentiment inimical to the Rum traffic could be made as unanimous upon the best method of dealing with it, the majority for the amendment next June would be phenomenally great. But this unanimity does not exist. There are a great many voters who recognize the evil of the traffic but are sincere in their belief that Prohibition is not the best way of dealing with it, and who will therefore either vote against the amendment, or else refrain from voting at all on the proposition.

The reasons which actuate them are various. There is a class who do not believe that Prohibition can be made effective in the cities of the state, and who therefore assume that the adoption of the amendment would lead to the illicit sale and a wholesale violation of the law all over the state. Second, there is a class who believe the Brooks high license law, now in force in Pennsylvania, to be a better and more practical method of dealing with the traffic; they assume that it can not be entirely suppressed, and that, therefore, it is better to keep it under strict control, allowing the sale of Rum to continue under restrictions and conditions exercised under the watchful eye of the state, than to attempt to stop it entirely. Third, there are many who look greedily upon the great revenue which the state derives from its license law, and who argue that were this revenue cut off by the adoption of the Prohibitory amendment, their own taxes would thereby be increased in a small degree. There is a strong objection in the mind of the average citizen to any increase of taxation, even if it be only a dollar. And there are a great many of the people who oppose the amendment who are more or less influenced by all three of the above assigned reasons, giving weight to each and all of them. Then, of course, the Rum Power—the men who make money out of the manufacture and sale—is solidly opposed to the amendment, and an army of its votaries, composed of those who are slaves of their appetites, the vicious, the degraded—the dwellers in the slums of the cities.

The latter class—the Rum Power and its cohorts—will vote and work against the amendment, in any event. They constitute, however, a minority of the voters of the state. They cannot defeat the amendment unless they are reinforced by a sufficient number of men who, while realizing the evils of the Rum traffic, to some extent at least, will oppose the Prohibitory amendment for one or more of the reason stated above. Let us examine these three general positions seriatim, and judge of their force as arguments.

First—That "Prohibition cannot be made effective." The late issues of THE BLADE have brought an array of evidence that it can be, and that it is, in the states of Kansas and Iowa. We have the direct testimony of the governors of both states, of a long list of state officers, judges of the supreme, superior and circuit courts, and other men high in position—honest, discreet, experienced men, all giving testimony which has not and can not be impugned nor traversed. Yet the papers which lend themselves to the cause of the Rum Power are constantly reiterating statements that whisky can be gotten as easily in Maine, and Iowa, and Kansas, as in any other state. On whose evidence? Generally without even a name given as authority! And when a name is given, is it ever that of a man of standing and reputation? Is it ever that of a man holding high and honorable position? So far as our observation extends, never! Why, then, allow statements which are either anonymous, or which are made by obscure persons, whose standing among their fellows is entirely unknown, to offset the careful evidence of men high in official position, with every opportunity to obtain the fullest information—men whose assurances are worthy of the fullest credence?

It will not do to assume that because a small quantity of Rum is sold secretly in defiance of law in these states that therefore the law is a failure. A similar standard of judgment would brand every restrictive law in any state as a failure. Philadelphia has the reputation of being a moral, law-abiding city. Suppose a man from some other state should visit Philadelphia and on his return openly scout the idea of its morality, on the ground that, though there are state laws and city ordinances against prostitution, he found no particular difficulty in getting the clerk of the hotel where he was stopping to slyly give him information where to find immoral resorts, the residences of women of the town. Would that show that the law against the illicit commerce of the sexes is a failure in Pennsylvania? Suppose a resident of Ohio should visit Pittsburg, and in the same way get direction to a gambling hell; does that show that the law of the commonwealth against gambling is a failure? In either or both cases, would the people hearing the stories of these visitors to Pennsylvania be justified in assuming that because a house of ill-fame could be found in Philadelphia, or a gambling hell in Pittsburg, that the laws against these crimes are a dead letter all over the state of Pennsylvania? Yet that is the sort of evidence that is brought out to show that Prohibition is a failure in Iowa and Kansas and Maine. But whisky-selling, when carried on at all in those states, is conducted secretly; as is prostitution or gambling in the other cases cited. The doors of a brilliantly-lighted and gaudily-decorated saloon do not invite you at every corner and on every square. The illegal traffic is driven into holes and corners, away from the mass of honest, hard-working citizens, out of the way of boys and young men, who no longer find its temptations on every side. Is not this result worth working for? Is it not worth voting for? If not, why not repeal the laws against prostitution and gambling, and let the gaudy palaces of sin and the gambling-hells open their doors on the principal streets, as do the saloons? Do not the laws against the latter infringe "personal liberty" as much as a Prohibitory law?

Second—The argument in favor of high license as the best method of dealing with the evils of the Rum traffic. It is assumed, first, that Prohibition can not be enforced—which we have considered under the former head; second, that license is really a remedy for the Rum evil. It is not. The evils of the Rum traffic are inseparable from the existence of the open saloon. So long as one of these is allowed to remain open, so long do heedless men remain within the sphere of temptation. High license reduces the number of saloons; it closes out the low dives, the resorts of thieves, and tramps and loafers—of the vicious and criminal classes. So far it does good. It deprives the latter of their rallying-places, and improves the condition of the localities where those dens existed; it reduces to some extent the amount of Rum consumed, but it fails at the main point of allowing even one hell-hole to open its doors to tempt mankind to ruin. As we have reitered time and again, when the decision is between an unrestricted traffic and high license, we favor the latter every time, on the ground that it is better to have a mad dog chained than to let him run loose; but when the decision is between any form of restriction or license and absolute Prohibition, we are entirely and energetically in favor of the latter. It is safer to kill the mad dog than to let him live, even though he be chained.

Third, comes the argument which really has more advocates than either of the other—the fact that high license brings in a large revenue, and the fear that taxes may possibly be increased slightly if it be withdrawn. The cupidity and selfishness of some men is appalling. The man who will actually, in cold blood, vote against the amendment on this ground, is really bartering the souls and lives of his fellowmen to evade the slight increase he thinks may be made in the taxes he pays. He fails to see that the $80,000,000 that are spent for Rum in Pennsylvania, in one year, is enough to pay all the licenses in the state at the present rate for the next twenty years or more. The Rum Power exacts a tax appallingly large from the people. If the entire license fees of the state were added to the taxation in bulk, it would be an extremely profitable thing for the state. But here comes our selfish friend with the ready answer: "I don't drink, hence I pay no tax to the Rum-seller; why should I be taxed by the state to relieve my neighbor of a tax he pays voluntarily to the saloon?" Selfish man, you will not be taxed! The adoption of the amendment, and its strict enforcement, will decrease your taxes, not increase them! You don't believe it? Well, we shall prove it to you, and prove it by the official figures in a county of your own state of Pennsylvania. Huntingdon county has a population of about 35,000. There has been no license in the county since May 1, 1888, the associate judges refusing to grant any. The whisky men are lying, as is their method, about the county and trying to make it appear that Prohibition will increase taxes. The following does not look like it. It is taken from the Auditor's statements, and is furnished us by a friend, in the form of a printed circular which is circulated over that county. Read it, for it is convincing:

DOES LICENSE PAY BETTER THAN NO LICENSE?

In 1885 there were fourteen licensed bars, two distilleries and one brewery in Huntingdon county. In 1888 there was no licenses—the distilleries and brewery closing May 1.

SOME OF THE ACCOUNTS PAID BY THE TAXPAYERS:

	1885.	1888.
Commonwealth orders in prosecutions, prothonotary, district attorney fees & witnesses	$4,808 99	$2,137 84
Sheriff for boarding prisoners, summoning jurors, etc.....	2,273 53	944 62
Jurors, court crier and constables.....	6,517 89	4,325 54
Boarding jurors, (Over and Terminer cases)...	198 00	
	$13,798 41	$7,408 00

SAVED IN 1888 OVER 1885, $6,390.41.

The real debt of the county in January, 1889, is less by $16,846.02 than it was in January, 1886, and the county and state taxes in 1888 were less by $489.13 than in 1885.

The question to be voted on June 18, is, *Shall the saloons open again in all the wards and relegalize the traffic?* If you vote against the amendment, it is a vote in favor of opening the saloons again. If the saloons open again, you must furnish the money to carry on the criminal courts. If the saloons open again you must furnish the boys to frequent them. It takes money and boys to sustain saloons, and you tax-payers must furnish both.

For the sake of saving your hard-earned money and your boys—and maybe your girls—VOTE FOR THE AMENDMENT.

J. R. SIMPSON, Chairman.

Huntingdon, Pa., April 20, 1889.

What is true of Huntingdon county can just as well be true of any other county and of all other counties in the state of Pennsylvania. What is the use of the state, as a whole, allowing the saloons to collect *eighty million* dollars' voluntary tax every year, for the sake of the much smaller amount she charges them in the way of licenses? Is it not better to let that $80,000,000 go into the channels of legitimate business than into the treasury of the Rum Power? Will not the ratio of saving, shown in Huntingdon county, be carried out over the state under Prohibition? And will not this total more than equal the sum lost by the absence of the receipts for liquor licenses? Is the prosperity, the well-being, of the masses, of no consequence? Is it not better to rear children to sobriety than to leave before them the temptations of the saloon? We believe we have shown the arguments of those who prefer license instead of Prohibition to be untenable. There is but one consistent, one right thing to do, for every honest voter in Pennsylvania who recognizes the ineradicable evils of the Rum traffic—and that is, to cast his vote on June 18 to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." We require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to those who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

ARMY and naval red tape is all well enough in its way and military regulations are necessary, but a court martial of either branch can arrive at absurd decisions that would make an Omaha jury trying a female murderer ashamed of itself. Mayor LYDECKER, who had charge of the building of the Washington aqueduct and whose carelessness and indifference to duty has cost the goverment millions, and made possible the greatest contract scandal of the decade, forfeits $900, and is reprimanded in orders. On the other hand, Lieutenant Commander BOOK, of the navy, whose sole offense consisted of leaving his ship at Sitka and coming to Washington, so he could personally explain to the department her bad condition, and urge the necessity of repairs, so that she could be made serviceable, is suspended for two years. The officer who broke a rule through too much zeal to protect the country's—property and his men's lives, receives a greater punishment than the one who flagrantly neglected his duties.

A TALK WITH SHERMAN.

In an interview at Washington the other day Senator SHERMAN made some observations anent the subject of appointments to office which cannot be too highly commended:

"Speaking of changes," said Senator SHERMAN, "reminds that there is a change in this country that should be brought about. I has given me much concern of late. I refer to the prevailing custom of senators and representatives pressing the chief executive of the country for offices. It is all wrong and contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution. The men who framed that instrument never expected or intended that congressmen should try to bring pressue to bear upon the President for the purpose of inducing him to make appointments in their favor. The whole business of appointing men to office should be done by the President and the heads of the departments who compose his Cabinet. It was not till ANDREW JACKSON'S time that members of Congress thought of trying to influence the President in this matter. Before JACKSON was President it was deemed undignified for a member of Congress to ask the President for an appointment. WASHINGTON, in one of his public utterances, pointed this very thing out as one of the possible dangers of the future.

"If a congressman gets what he wants from an administration, he loses, in a way, his independence, and becomes its tool. If he don't get what he wants he loses his temper, and he is unfortunate in either case. The time of the President is shamelessly encroached upon, under the present system, and the office made one of the most unattractive in the world.

"The interference of Congressmen with the appointing functions of the executive branch of the government has gone too far, and a halt must be had."

"What remedy do you suggest?" was asked.

"We have tried the civil service, and it does not correct this evil. The fatal weakness in the civil service scheme is that it takes no account of a man's established character and business or professional standing. All the examinations determine is the applicant's knowledge of some of the simpler branches of learning. I dare say I should fail in grammar and arithmetic if I were to be examined for a first-class clerkship; yet, when I was young, I was a good mathematician. My experience and work in public and professional life would count for nothing in a civil service examination. A girl fresh from the high school would doubtless beat me and get a better grade. So, civil service does not meet the demands. The great race for office getting by congressmen goes on. There must be some legislation on the subject, and if no one else takes the matter up I shall introduce a bill in the next Congress, which, I passed, will prohibit congressmen from approaching the President on the subject of appointments, unless they are asked for specific information in a given case to enable the appointing officer to make up his mind."

THE howl of the free trade press that ROBERT P. PORTER, the newly appointed chief of the census, will manipulate the figures in the interests of protection, has drawn from that gentleman a personal letter to a friend, which not only answers this malignant slander but gives evidence that the next census will not be bungled as was the last. Mr. PORTER says:

The position of superintendent of census is in a measure a judicial one, and a man who would dare to manipulate the figures in the interest of any preconceived theories he might have would, in my estimation, be as morally guilty as the judge who would, after his election to the bench, decide a case in favor of a friend or former client in direct contradiction to the evidence. I shall direct all my energies and what ability I may possess to taking an absolutely fair and honest census. It will be the aim of the census office to make a more compact census than that of 1880 and a more purely statistical census—a census that shall first of all comprise those essential elements which come within the province of this office, and which you in common with other students would expect to find in a census. It will be the constant endeavor of the superintendent to keep it within reasonable bounds, not to attempt the impossible, and to finish it as rapidly as possible.

A REQUEST.

We shall be much obliged to our readers in Pennsylvania if they will send us copies of the campaign literature circulated in that state, opposing Prohibition. We shall be glad to refute the arguments of the Rum Power, and show their falsity through our columns. Do it *at once!*

THE Samoan conference is at work. The most important point to be discussed is probably the demand that Germany will make, for "an extended land concession" as an indemnity for losses sustained at the hands of the natives. This may even cause the failure of the conference, if Germany persists in it; for one can not see how such a claim can be admitted when the fact is plain that the losses complained of occurred in consequence of German attempts to unjustifiably interfere in the governmental affairs of the Samoans. They exiled the king and attempted to set up an usurper, a rebel, in his place. Such a step was in the last degree unwarranted, and for the losses resulting from this unjustifiable act there is no valid reason for demanding indemnity. The demand is only a step in the direction of German control in the future. Our representatives should set their faces as a flint against the claim.

MISS BOUTON'S charming sketch of the ladies of the White House during the earlier period of our national career is well worth the notice of every reader of THE BLADE, whether specially interested in the Household or not. The usual amount of excellent and helpful articles on matters especially interesting to the fairer half of creation will be found on the same page—the sixth.

THE May *Forum* contains a striking article by the distinguished French writer EMILE DE LAVELEYE, entitled "ThePerils of Democracy." The closing paragraph gives its conclusions, and is well worth study:

The danger threatening modern democracy is the contrast between the equality of rights proclaimed and the inequality in fact existing. Ancient democracies perished in the struggle between the rich and the poor. It is, therefore, imperative that this conflict should not recommence. If you give the right of suffrage to all, let all have a chance of becoming owners of property. Modern democracies will not perish in civil wars, like those of Greece, if they manage to realize the ideal revealed by Christ, true Christian brotherhood. But if the antagonism between capitalists and laborers continues and becomes flerce, it is much to be dreaded that, in Europe at least, democracy will end in Cæsarism. Nations, tired of endless and issueless struggles, would sacrifice their liberty and seek rest under the shelter of despotism. This is the danger which is already threatening France.

IT may be of interest to remark that the state officials to be elected next November in Ohio are the following: governor, lieutenant governor, state treasurer, one judge of the supreme court, clerk of the supreme court, one member of the board of public works, and attorney general. Also, the members of the next general assembly, which body will elect PAYNE'S successor in the United States Senate.

NOW that public attention is sharply drawn to GEORGE WASHINGTON, our first President, it is well to recall the fact that he was a believer in a protective tariff. He was a patriot, and his patriotism took a practical turn.

CONNECTICUT is going to vote on the question of a Prohibitory amendment. Let us see what verdict the people of the "Land of Steady Habits" will render on the proposition.

WASHINGTON has the credit of introducing the mule into this country. This refers, of course, to the quadruped, not to the mugwump.

STATE ELECTIONS OF 1889.

This year there will occur regular state elections in Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia. There will be considerable interest manifested all over the country in the results of these state contests, as indicating, to some extent, the verdict of the people on the first six months of the Harrison administration. It is doubtful if any really valuable indication will be given, however, in this direction. State contests are colored by state issues and party quarrels, and a goodly share of these will be worked out in several of the states enumerated above. However, it may be of interest to look at the popular vote in these nine states at the presidential election of last November. Here it is:

States.	Harrison, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.	Fisk, Prob.	Streeter, Labor.
Iowa	211,598	179,877	3,550	9,105
Kentucky	155,184	183,800	5,532	622
Maryland	99,986	105,168	4,776	....
Massachusetts	183,892	151,895	8,701	....
New York	550,338	635,965	30,281	628
New Jersey	144,844	151,493	7,004	233
Pennsylvania	526,223	446,994	20,756	2,999
Ohio	396,455	368,455	24,956	8,496
Virginia	150,438	151,977	1,679	....

Of these nine states, four gave Democratic majorities on the face of the returns—Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey and Virginia. In the latter state, there is not a reasonable doubt but that there were a majority of Republican votes polled, but that frauds in the count and returns gave the state the beggarly plurality by which its electoral vote was hocussed into the Cleveland column. Whether the state will this fall shake off Bourbon domination is a matter upon which a prediction at this time would be the merest guess work. The New York campaign is a rather unimportant one, and the only general interest that will be taken in it will apparently hinge on the question whether the factional contests in the Republican ranks have been aggravated by the federal appointments made in that state. The Hill Democrats will use every effort to reverse the majority of last November, in order to aid their favorite's chances for the Democratic national nomination in 1892. Should the Empire state go Democratic this fall, they will be in a position to declare that CLEVELAND'S candidacy alone caused the Democratic defeat last year.

The outlook now is that the Ohio contest will be not only the hottest but the most important of the nine. A successor to Governor FORAKER is to be elected, a number of other state officers, and the General Assembly which will have the election of a successor to PAYNE in the United States Senate. That PAYNE is a candidate for re-election, and that a "still hunt" on his behalf is to be made in the elections for members of the new legislature, do not admits of a reasonable doubt. Money gave him the seat he now holds, and it will be used in the endeavor to secure his "vindication" by a re-election. The Republicans of the state are in a bad temper, over dissensions arising out of the perennial candidacy of Senator SHERMAN for the Presidency, and the feeling that the Senator has used his influence with the administration more to punish the recalcitrants than to aid the party. These misunderstandings and bickerings must either be fought out in the state convention, or they will be an element of weakness in the campaign to follow. Ohio is safely Republican with an united party; and it is to be hoped that all private animosities will be buried to achieve success in the state next November, and elect a legislature which shall increase the narrow Republican majority in the Senate, replacing PAYNE by a Republican Senator.

Next to this, the New Jersey campaign possesses the greatest general interest. A governor and legislature are to be chosen, and LEON ABBETT is understood to be the Democratic candidate for head of the ticket, with the design of realizing his darling ambition of reaching the United States Senate. A new senator is to be chosen for this state at the end of the next gubernational term. The late legislature was Democratic, and made itself obnoxious to the temperance element of the state by its surrender to the liquor interest in the repeal of the local option law. It, on the other hand, solidified the whisky men for the Democracy. The third party men, however, under the lead of Gen. FISK, evince a purpose to throw their strength rather unitedly against the Democrats in return for the liquor legislation of the past winter, and there will be a hot fight to defeat ABBETT and elect a Republican legislature.

The verdict of the people in the other states which hold elections this fall will not vary from that expressed last year. Virginia, Ohio, New York and New Jersey will be the battle-grounds; and in the three last state issues will so overshadow the contests that the result in each, whatever it shall be, can in no wise be considered as reflecting popular sentiment upon the first half-year of HARRISON'S administration. There will be no popular verdict on the Republican President and Congress until the Congressional elections of 1890.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THE question possibly arises in some minds, in connection with the centennial of WASHINGTON'S inauguration as the first President of the United States, why that event occurred on April 30, instead of on March 4, 1789, when his term really should have begun. It required the ratification of nine of the thirteen states to render the constitution operative. The assent of the ninth state was given in June, 1788. The Congress of the old Confederation was given the authority to determine the seat of national government and of fixing the time of electing the President. It decided that the new Congress, the first under the federal constitution should meet in New York, then a city of some 33,000 inhabitants, and that the Presidential electors should meet in their respective states in February, 1789. They unanimously chose WASHINGTON President, but it was not until eight days later that he was notified formally of his election. On April 16 he left Mt. Vernon for New York. The journey was one continued ovation, every town and village making his passage a time of general celebration. Congress was slow in perfecting the details of inauguration, and spent much time in discussing petty details—one being the form of address for the chief magistrate, which was settled by adopting the simple form, "The President of the United States." Finally April 30 was fixed as the time, and on that day WASHINGTON took the oath of office on the portico of old Federal Hall, in Wall street. The sub-treasury now occupies its site, and a heroic statue of WASHINGTON stands at the top of the steps, about where he stood in taking the oath. The statue stands on the same slab of stone pressed by his feet on that occasion.

NOW we are all right. Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE has assured President HARRISON that England cares more for the welfare of America than she does for her own. President HARRISON has informed Sir JULIAN that the only thing America takes any interest in is the welfare of Great Britain. Both nations have, metaphorically speaking, kissed and made up, and the American eagle and British lion are once more on speaking terms. Such a happy state of affairs is pleasing to contemplate.

A THING YOU NEED.

This is the time of the year when a great many men make a very serious error. They say: "I am too busy to read a newspaper." Never was there a greater mistake. It is the busy man who most needs the newspaper. The man of leisure can do without it. To him it is only another element of pleasure. He can collate his facts himself, if need be, and take his time about it. The matter has no real importance to him. But to the busy man the newspaper is a necessity. It tells the farmer who is planting his crops what the conditions are in other sections of the country, and from it he can learn what course he had best pursue himself. It tells the storekeeper the changes in trade, and gives him opportunity to judge what stock will suit him best. It tells the manufacturer, contractor, laborer, professional man and all others whose united labor goes to make up the world's wealth where their effort can be best applied and out of what channels they can expect the best results. The daily newspaper is made especially for busy men by busy men, whose entire time is spent in obtaining for their readers information which the readers have not the time to procure for themselves. While the newspaper is a toy for the unemployed, it is a tool for the man who works, and a man who expects to keep up with the times cannot hope to do without it. His statement, "I have no time to read a paper," is about as sensible were the writer of this article to declare: "I am too much engaged getting out the paper today. I have no time to find out what is going on in the world." The busy man whose business is successful, always reads the paper. It is the man who thinks himself busy, but is really wasting his efforts in fruitless directions, who "has no time."

DELAY IN THE LAND OFFICE.

The General Land office at Washington is so far behind in its work that if the contested land claims in Oklahoma have to await their regular turn it will require from eighteen months to two years to reach them. This is a state of things that should not exist in a government department. A delay of justice is gross injustice to both parties to the controversy, and works irretrievable injury in many cases. The trouble is not with the commissioners, nor with the methods of the land office, but lies solely at the door of Congress. The appropriations granted are not large enough to enable the office to increase its working force, so as to dispatch business more promptly; there is a lack of funds for the prompt prosecution of fraud and theft in the courts. This state of things has been pointed out, time and again, to the Appropriations committee of the House, but it has made reductions rather than the needed addition. The treasury each year has "saved" a few thousand dollars, while the nation has lost millions because of the inability of the land office to punish thefts of timber, and the glaring frauds of land grabbers. This is a stupid saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole. Let us hope that the next House will deal mere fairly with the land office and the people.

IT is rare to find a mugwump newspaper that will admit into its columns a statement of facts going to show that HARRISON is making a sensible, conservative and safe chief executive in his manner of handling the appointing power. The following however, from the Washington correspondence of the New York *Evening Post*, is sufficient to put a quietus upon the silly stories that are eagerly printed by Democratic newspapers on this subject, and gives ground for the confidence which the masses of the American people exhibit toward the President:

The politicians say that the President is going very slowly, and that he is going his own way, and not theirs. They do not like it, but they do not know of any way to effect a remedy. Some of them feared at the outset that Mr. Blaine would too much control this administration. They now fear that Mr. Blaine will not control it enough. One of the chief objections of the politicians to the administration thus far is, that the President does not follow counsel. General Grant was called a Sphinx in the White House. But General Grant had friends and listened to their advice. He yielded his judgment to that of others too much. His friends admit that that was his greatest weakness. But it is said President Harrison is just as much of a Sphinx as General Grant was, and he does not give heed to any one.

IN his inaugural address, delivered at New York just one hundred years ago, WASHINGTON said:

The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people.

The experiment has been a greater success than WASHINGTON himself ever dreamed. Enormous as our territorial expansion has been during the century since which he voiced those words, the national feeling is stronger to-day among the most widely separated portions of our common country than it was at that time. The sacred fire burns brightly, and a republican form of government has made, within the century's span, one of the mightiest nations on the earth out of the thirteen colonies.

THE old fight on the "wife's sister" bill—a measure to legalize the marrying of a deceased wife's sister—has been renewed in the British Parliament. It has passed the House of Commons by a majority of over fifty votes, being the eighth time within a few years that it has done so. Every time, however, it has been killed in the House of Lords, on account of the solid opposition of the bishops of the church of England who have seats in that body. They oppose it on religious grounds. Probably the great desire to marry his sister-in-law, which the British subject evidently entertains, as evidenced by the number of times the measure is renewed, is founded upon a desire not to have more than a single mother-in-law. One is a dose.

THE Samoan conference at Berlin is now at work. Its sessions are to be secret, and an endeavor will be made to keep the public in ignorance of all its proceedings until the close of its labors, some months hence. It is safe to say that this scheme will fail, and that all the important facts will reach the public through the newspapers as soon as they occur.

WORK on the Nicaragua canal is to be begun this month. It is estimated that five years will be required to complete it, and hence in 1894 we will see the oceans linked together by an American canal, constructed with American capital, and with the moral backing of the United States government.

SOMEBODY sent to JEFF DAVIS a request for his opinion as to the most serviceable trait of WASHINGTON as a public man. His reply was: "Abstinence from partisan or sectional feeling, and faithful adherence to the compact of union." Mr. DAVIS should have followed WASHINGTON'S example in the days prior to and during the rebellion.

THE Indian Territory will in a few years become a thing of the past, the Cherokee strip will speedily follow, and the tribal reservations one by one will come next, by allotment to the Indians in severalty. Oklahoma will be the state erected on the present Indian Territory.

IT seems probable that the entire abandonment of the Panama canal enterprise will cause the property to revert to the government of Colombia. The millions sunk in the scheme will be as entirely lost as if it had been thrown into the depths of the sea, for the Colombian republic is not financially able to complete the work yet to be done.

GROCERS FOR THE AMENDMENT.

The Retail Grocers' association of Pennsylvania held its fifth annual state convention in Pittsburg recently. In the course of the discussions the economic bearing of Prohibition was prominently brought forward. The following extracts are made from a newspaper report of the proceedings:

S. B. Charters, of Pittsburg, talked briefly on the limitations of credit and the treatment of delinquents. He thought sentiment should not be allowed to interfere with business. As a matter of business he said every grocer should be a Prohibitionist, for if prohibition became a law in Pennsylvania the grocers would find their bills paid more promptly.

H. L. Brucker, of the Hollidaysburg association, threw a bomb into the meeting by asserting that the saloon was mainly responsible for the bulk of the bad debts. He wanted to see the state association come out flat-footed for the Prohibition amendment, for if the $80,000,000 that is now spent for liquor in Pennsylvania every year was thrown into other channels the state would see an era of prosperity such as had never been dreamed of before. He was loudly applauded and appeared to have most of the delegates on his side.

The proposition is one that can not be disputed that, under Prohibition, eighty million dollars now spent for Rum yearly in Pennsylvania must necessarily be paid out for other things. The grocer would get a very good share of the money; so would the dry goods men, the clothing men, the furniture and house-furnishing men, and in fact the dealers in every article of comfort, necessity or luxury. There would be less poverty, and more comfort among the masses. There is not a business man but should be the ardent supporter of Prohibition because of its beneficial effects upon trade, if for no higher motive.

FARMING AS A PROFESSION.

The May number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a paper entitled "Agriculture as a Profession," which should be read by every intelligent farmer in the United States, and especially by the young men who are discontented with rural life and think to find in the cities a wider field and greater opportunities for success in life. The fact is, that for an intelligent, wide-awake, progressive young man, the farm offers far ampler opportunity for financial success and true enjoyment of right living than the city can possibly give. It is one of the evils of the present condition of things that there is a steady drift from the country to the city; a depreciation of farm life, and especially an insane desire to enter the over-thronged ranks of the professions, and a steady increase in both these marked features. The author of the above-named article in *Harper* says:

Our population is increasing in a ratio never before known in the history of nations; the productiveness of our arable lands is decreasing, and the present generation will see the limit of the territorial expansion of our agriculture. When this limit is reached we shall be confronted by two alternatives—either to let another and wiser nation feed us, or to husband our own resources that the emergency may be met and overcome from within.

He shows that our system of land tillage is wasteful, behind the age, and in need of radical reform. The West is full of farmers burdened by debt, and hopeless of extrication, save through some event which will send the prices of cereals and live stock skyward, and thus help them at the expense of suffering and poverty among the consuming class. Yet there is not one of these men but could, if he possessed the knowledge and ability, not only make his farm bring him a handsome surplus every year, and thus escape the clutches of the mortgage sharks. We commend the article to the perusal of every wide-awake young man in the farming community.

WE call especial attention to the humorous little sketch on the first page of this issue, entitled "The Widow of Mansouf," written by D. R. LOCKE several years ago, but never before appearing in THE BLADE. Read it, and enjoy a hearty laugh. Though cast in an Oriental mould, its moral is entirely applicable to American life.

THE Signal Service yesterday began the work of making a general prediction as to the state of the weather two or three days in advance. It is not intended that this shall be done every day, because there are frequently times at which the conditions over the United States are so unsettled that it is impossible to make a successful prediction even for the one day in advance; hence the long-time predictions will be made only for those sections of the country, and under such meteorological conditions, as will reasonably assure a successful forecast. These predictions will be issued at the same time as the regular daily indications, but will not appear regularly, for the reasons given above. Whenever they are absent, it will be understood that the weather service does not think it possible to make an advanced prediction. Regarding their character, the chief signal officer says:

These predictions will not be too much in detail, but will clearly set forth the section of the country for which they are intended, and the days of the week which they will cover. The use of such terms as 'warmer' or 'colder' should be replaced as a rule by 'warm,' 'cold,' 'moderately cold,' etc. In making these long-time forecasts, the language should be varied, according to the necessities of the occasion, but should always be in such form as to convey clearly to the general public the opinions of the indications official, and also the degree of positiveness that attaches to his opinions.

A WASHINGTON correspondent drops the following gentle hint to office-seekers who insist on going to Washington with the mistaken idea that they will aid themselves by having a personal interview with the Chief Executive:

President Harrison has as much confidence in his own judgment of human nature as in their recommendations. When he has studied a man's face and cross-questioned him, if the impression made is not favorable, it would take a great deal of argument and very strong influence to make him think favorably of the man for appointment. A case is mentioned of an applicant who has been kept out of the President's sight to improve his chances. The President's skill as a cross-examiner is also alluded to as serving to help him out when he cannot settle a man's case by reading his countenance.

THE Cherokee commission should expedite its work as much as possible; and there is no reason for delay, because the only point is to agree with the Indians upon the price to be paid by the government. As soon as they accomplish the task, the President will issue his proclamation opening the lands to settlement. If this could be speedily done, it would relieve the Oklahoma boomers who failed to get claims in that section.

A JUDGE of New Bedford, Mass., one day recently took ground that could be profitably occupied by courts in other states. He refused to issue final papers to a liquor dealer who applied for naturalization on the ground that having sold liquor to a man whom he knew to be of intemperate habits he was not a person of good moral character and therefor was not eligible to citizenship.

IF BISMARCK'S idea of a proper settlement of the Samoan difficulty really be, as reported, that the three nations—the United States, Germany and England—shall guarantee Samoa's independence, and its people's free choice of a ruler, the commission will find its task easy.

THOUGH trade is apparently somewhat quiet throughout the United States, the railway earnings and the bank clearances are considerably heavier than they were a year ago—a conclusive evidence that there is a healthy degree of activity in financial and general business circles.

CANADA is going to provide by law against embezzlers making her territory a place of refuge where they may enjoy the fruits of their thievery. This action will have a tendency to increase honesty among cashiers on this side of the line.

OKLAHOMA has already got five banks and six newspapers. The banks are probably needed to support the papers.

"JOHN DUNCAN'S WIDOW."

A New Story to Begin in Next Week's Issue.

Next week we will begin the publication of a story that will be of especial interest to BLADE readers. First, because it is a strong story, well told; and second, because it is from the pen of an author well and favorably known by the friends of this paper. GEORGE WAINEIGHT has contributed some of the best stories ever published in THE BLADE, and we have no hesitation in saying that our readers will find "John Duncan's Widow" (which is the title of Mr. WAINEIGHT'S story, to begin next week) fully equal, if not superior, to anything he has yet written. It is devoid of all the sensational clap-trap, but is intensely interesting. From the opening chapter the reader's attention is riveted, and the interest never flags. We are glad to announce this story by this popular author, and know that our readers will enjoy it to the fullest possible extent.

USES OF THE CENTENNIAL.

Already a few pessimists are found who are asking the question, "what good does all this centennial observance do anyhow?" It seems strange that an American should make the query, but some are making it, nevertheless. Fortunately it is easily answered. If inculcating the youth of this country with the principles which animated Washington is of no value, then was the centennial a failure; if teaching men patriotism is of no value, then was the time and money spent on the occasion wasted; if inciting citizens to brave and noble deeds by honoring the memory of the brave and noble dead is of no value, then had the celebration better not have been had; but if teaching our youth honesty and courage, filling the breasts of our men with love of country, inciting our citizens to the performance of illustrious deeds is a good thing, then was the centennial a success and a grand one. It is events like these that developes the national spirit which rallies around the national flag when it is in danger, and in the darkest hour looks fearlessly and hopefully to the future, a spirit which was so well expressed by the second martyred President after the news came of the assassination of the first one: "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

THE city of New York certainly did all she could to make the centennial celebration of WASHINGTON'S inauguration a worthy and impressive one. The three great features of the celebration—the naval parade and centennial ball on Monday; the commemorative ceremonies at the subtreasury and St. Paul's church, the great military procession and banquet on Tuesday; and the mighty industrial parade on Wednesday, will go down in history as magnificent demonstrations of the revival of patriotism, a lofty and proper American pride in free government, and the energy and enterprise of the citizens of our great metropolis. New York's social side has many features which have met with ridicule in the past, and that deserve severe condemnation from a patriotic standpoint, not the least being the silly aping of English aristocratic notions among the mushroom would-be "aristocracy"—the *nouveaux richesses*; and she has, too, a very heavy foreign-born population. The latter, however, proved to be, at heart, as genuinely proud of the success of our first century under a constitutional form of free government in the land of their adoption as those to the manner born, and the Anglomaniacs were outnumbered so tremendously by the patriotic masses that they were, for the time being at least, relegated so far to the rear that they were no heard of.

IN these centennial days, it is well to remember that GEORGE WASHINGTON, in his first message to the First Congress, said:

A free people ought not only to be armed but disciplined, to which end a uniform and well digested plan is requisite, and their safety and interest require that they should promote such manufactories as tend to render them independent on others for essential, particularly military, supplies.

And eight years later, in his last annual message to the Fourth Congress, he reiterated the same views, as follows:

Congress has repeatedly, and not without success, directed attention to the encourag

BEER IN POLITICS.

A New York Assemblyman on the Saloon as a Political Power.

Albany, N. Y., Journal.

In the last number of the *Forum* Assemblyman Crosby advanced strong reasons why the saloon influence should be eliminated from politics before it becomes strong enough to elect not only a governor in a state, but even a President and Congress. Such an event would be inexpressibly shocking to the mind of decent citizens, yet it will be the logical outcome of forces which are now developing, unless they are checked ere long.

Mr. Crosby asserts that the liquor dealer originally entered politics by way of the board of Aldermen. He discovered that this position made him a local leader and his barroom a political headquarters. Naturally this caused an increase in his business. His next step was to endeavor to control the police and excise commissioners, whose duty it is to make him obey the laws. Then he began to send his friends to the legislature to see that his interests were "protected" there. Little by little he gained almost complete control of all the great cities. In New Jersey he took the control of the state government from one party which had enacted stringent temperance legislation and gave it to another with instructions to repeal those obnoxious laws. In New York he elected a governor, who was pledged effectually to check all temperance legislation. After accomplishing so much, little difficulty remains in securing a grip on the reins of national government.

The most dangerous feature of the saloon power is that it is practically an oligarchy. Notably in New York city a few brewers hold chattel mortgages upon large numbers of saloons, whereby they are enabled to control completely the political actions of the proprietors of the latter. No condition of affairs could be more out of harmony with American institutions.

Boston Traveller.

A magazine article over the signature of "Ernest H. Crosby" gives some very interesting statements of the way in which the political machine is run by the brewers. The beer makers are proverbially rich, and they are to a large extent on the bonds of saloon dealers and have great influence with the press. Whenever this case is regard it is essential to have a member of the legislature or a member of Congress in their interest, they generally carry their point. Through the saloons and by money power they are able to handle conventions and nominate not only those making laws, but those who are to execute them. To an alarming extent this huge interest enters into the whole system of practical government. According to Mr. Crosby in his paper in the *Forum*, this political interference has become as a system as perfect as it is powerful in its influence. It crowns its friends with success and its enemies with defeat. Mr. Crosby warns the beer interest that in this intermeddling with the machinery of politics it is on dangerous ground, and soon there will be a popular revulsion against the outrage. His views of the situation are taken from the situation in New York, but many of the facts showing there the control of the canouses by the beer combination are elsewhere repeated. When a strong and intelligent people find out the truth in this matter there is likely to be a revolt. The American people do not propose to be led by the nose by brewers any more than by railroad kings or stockholders or monopolists. Beer as king will be dethroned as our free soil was cotton when it sought to be monarch.

POVERTY IN CITIES.

Drinking the Great Underlying Cause—A Chicago Opinion.

Chicago Tribune.

The alcoholic habit is the tap-root of poverty in the cities of the United States, and the consequences of excessive indulgence in liquor are seen at the worst among the socialistic foreign-born workmen. The climate of this country or the high tension of living seems to stimulate the appetite for liquor and the high wages supply means for its indulgence. A day's labor at the cheapest kind of work will furnish money enough for a prolonged debauch. Among the newcomers from Europe are many worthless and vicious characters, but there are many others who mean well but who must take a firm stand against increased indulgence in liquor or they will be reduced to idleness and poverty. If it were not for the fearful curse of intemperance and the growth of the drink habit after foreigners come to this country there would not be so dark a side to the problem of the enormous European migration to the United States. The great tide rolls on, bringing 600,000 or 700,000 immigrants every year, and a sadly large proportion of them go to swell the ranks of the drunkards, loafers, and self-made victims of poverty and vice.

SWEET MAY.

Sweet May is coming,
The bees are humming,
And the small boy hankers for early fruit;
The skies are bluer,
The gales are fewer,
And the damsel is trimming her bathing suit.
The weather fair is,
And warm the air is,
And the oriole in the orchard sings;
And hearts are lighter,
And life is brighter,
For house cleaning's over again, by jings!

—Boston Courier.

THE BLADE STILL THERE.

A Kansas Official Writes Words of Cheer and Encouragement.

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, }
TOPEKA, KAN., May 2, 1889. }

EDITOR BLADE:—A stray copy of THE BLADE found its way into this office yesterday. It was at once recognized as an old friend, whose familiar countenance made us glad.

I rejoice to know it still fights as bravely as ever for the overthrow of the Rum Power, and for the uplifting of the race to a higher, purer civilization.

As it did valiant service years ago when Kansas struggling with the deadly foe needed help, so now it hurls its thunderbolts of truth into the enemy's camp in the old Keystone state, my native home—where fierce and bitter the battle rages—a magnificent struggle between right and wrong. Victory, though deferred, will come at last. Fight on.

I mail pamphlet showing the outcome of Prohibition in Kansas. With its truth I trust you can spike the enemy's guns, which are now turned on our state.

M. MOHLER, Secretary.

Absolute Prohibition.

EDITOR BLADE:—I find THE BLADE an interesting and newsy paper. In speaking of prohibition, my experience is, that stopping the cause is necessary in order to stop effectually the consequent effects. First, we must seek God to aid us to cast the "man of sin," or the devil, out of the human body, and let Christ have the supremacy. Then the devil cannot have power to make us yield to temptation. But just as long as we hold on to our personified devil, just so long will we succumb to evil, disease, sin and death. Heaven is God in the regenerated human soul. Hell is the devil sin, disease and death (where Christ ought to be) in the dead-to-God soul.

Let "Christ, the hope of glory," be formed in you. Then all the temptations of hell cannot move or rule you. Christ within, kills all desires of the flesh and carnal mind. This is heaven in the soul. This is my remedy and experience for over ten years. Let the devil out and Christ in.—J. A. B.

A Wisconsin Man's Opinion.

NORTH PRAIRIE, WIS., May 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have just subscribed for your paper, and am much pleased with it, especially with the stand you are taking upon temperance. If only all good papers would take the ground you are taking, it would not be long before the saloon would be a thing of the past. I wish every voter in the United States could and would read your issue of April 18. I send you a list of names, and will help you what I can, as I think you deserve it. The saloon is doing a bad business for us in this state, and we know it to our sorrow.—T. S. E. W.

Stealing a House.

EDITOR BLADE:—In a recent issue of THE BLADE I noticed an item to the effect that a Kansas man had his house stolen while he was asleep in it. It calls to mind a similar circumstance that happened near here a year or two ago. A young man who had a house built without any floor and the bed made upon the ground, had his house stolen one night while he was asleep. He did not wake up until the next morning, when he found himself on the bare prairie, with nothing in sight but his bed and himself, and he has not been able to learn to this day who it was that stole his house.—C. A. D., Ida, Dak.

THE CENSUS OF 1890.

THE WAY IT WILL BE TAKEN.

Who Will Appoint—The Rate of Compensation—Only One Month's Work in June Next.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—(Special.)—Already there are signs that the great American nation is once more going to be asked to stand up and be counted, and in a comparatively brief period the voice of the census-enumerator will be heard in the land. Here the preliminary preparations for the gigantic task of taking the eleventh census are well under way. Superintendent Robert P. Porter has established his headquarters in the great Atlantic building on F street, near Ninth, and has surrounded himself with a little cluster of the employes whose labors did so much to make the last census a success. The offices are being properly furnished and fitted with all the necessary adjuncts to such a huge task as counting the heads of fully 60,000,000 of people, besides numbering their flocks and herds and summing up the vastness of their wealth. The work has to be done in a thoroughly systematic manner, no detail, however minute, being omitted, and for this reason the greatest care has to be taken in making selections of employes.

The first consideration will be the office force—composed principally of computers and copyists. The chief clerk and the disbursing clerk are already appointed, and they will receive $2,500 each annually. Both of these officials were employed on the tenth census, and have been temporarily transferred from their desks in other departments. Two stenographers and ten chiefs of division will be rewarded with $2,000 each; 60 clerks will get salaries ranging from $1,400 to $1,800; and then there will probably be about 1,400 or 1,500 clerks, computers and copyists whose compensation will range from $720 to $1,200. There will also be a force of watchmen, laborers, messengers and charwomen. Eight years ago Gen. Francis A. Walker, then superintendent of the census, had upon the pay rolls of the bureau his maximum force—1,495 persons. There will be more to do this time, so of course there will have to be more workers. The new force will necessarily be composed largely of new material, but it is Mr. Porter's intention to secure as many as possible of the old force of experts. He does not hope for a greater proportion of these than would be represented by ten per cent, but with this crowd he thinks the entire force could be effectively leavened. The great trouble is that the employes of a decade ago are scattered all over the face of the earth. The law places all these appointments and all promotions under the direction of the secretary of the Interior, but Secretary Noble has concluded to trust everything to the capable hands of Superintendent Porter. The secretary has more than enough to do just now, and the appointment of a thousand or more people would worry him until he was dead, or worse still, back in St. Louis.

No Civil Service Examination.

While, of course, there will be but few of these numerous positions given to Democrats, still the Republican who wants deskroom will have to enter through the needle's-eye of an examination—not one of those civil service abominations where suffering humanity is asked more foolish questions in an hour than the Civil Service commission could answer in a month, but a plain, practical test of the sanity and clerical ability of the individual. The most numerous class of the office force will be the computers, at $720 per annum, and those who are successful will be possessed of an acquaintance with the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and will have a knowledge of percentages.

Now, don't let everybody put in an application at once for one of these places, and don't let anybody run away with the idea that the positions are to be filled right away. It is not likely that there will be more than 150 appointments for at least a year to come. Gen. Walker had been superintendent for more than a year when May, 1880, arrived, and the taking of the tenth census was less than a month away, yet he only had 96 people on his office roll. Mr. Porter's commission is not a month old yet.

How the Appointments Will be Made.

The manner in which these appointments are to be made has already been the cause of a little friction. Civil Service Commissioner Lyman, who is now the whole commission, says he ought to be allowed to relieve his office of more than a thousand names of persons who have satisfactorily passed the civil service examination, but for whom no vacancy exists in the departmental service. Superintendent Porter says that the commission cannot unload that lot of last season's goods on him and it looks as though the superintendent was on top, for the act of Congress, which provides for the taking of the eleventh census, says specifically: "All examinations for appointment and promotion, under this act, shall be in the discretion and under the direction of the secretary of the Interior."

The Class of Officials Required.

The country will, however, be more generally interested in the appointment of the men who will do the actual work of gathering together the facts and figures. Principal among these will be the experts and special agents, but they will not be numerous. Next come the supervisors. Of these the law says there shall not be more than 175 and each of these will be placed in charge of a district in the various states and territories. Ten years ago Ohio had eight of these supervising districts, but on this occasion she will probably have ten. Each supervisor will, when his work has been completed to the satisfaction of the secretary of the Interior, receive the sum of $125 and in addition to that, in thickly-settled districts, $1 for each thousand or majority fraction of a thousand of the population enumerated in his district, and in sparsely settled districts $1 40 per thousand. The money thus received is to be a payment in full for all services rendered, but the law mercifully provides that no supervisor shall receive a less sum, in the whole, than $500. If his work is extraordinarily heavy the secretary of the Interior may possibly grant him an extra sum or allowance for clerk hire. The supervisor's work will not last such a very long time, but it will keep him busy while he has it. He has to propose to the superintendent of the Census the division of his district into sub-divisions most convenient for the purposes of enumeration; to designate and employ the enumerator; to be the medium of communication between them and the census office; and to be the responsible party all the way through. He has to examine and closely scrutinize the work of the enumerators and if it is not done according to law he must cause the unsatisfactory work to be amended or made anew. If anybody wants to be a supervisor of census, let him not go to congressman or file his application with the secretary of the Interior. If he gets through that part of the mill, the President will send his nomination into the Senate soon after the holiday recess, and the Senate will sit on his qualifications in solemn secret session, and maybe confirm him.

Busy Work for the Enumerators.

The enumerators will be the busy bees, and for one whole month in next year they will buzz so loudly that you will not be able to hear anything but "census." Ten years ago Ohio had 2,000 enumerators but next year she will have more. They will be employed from the first day of June, 1890, and their duties will have disappeared inside of 30 days. The law says that the enumerator in cities must have his task completed in two weeks, and in the country in less than one month. These enumerators, so the act of Congress has it, must be selected by the supervisors solely with reference to fitness and without reference to their political party affiliations. This section will, undoubtedly, be obeyed. Men will be selected because of their fitness, and they must of necessity, be Republicans. Right at that point comes in a good word for the veterans, and it is ordered that preference be given to properly qualified persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States residing in their respective districts. The enumerator will not, however, become immediately rich. He will be paid at the rate of two cents for each living inhabitant and two cents for the death of each person who died within a year of June 1, 1890. Fifteen cents will be his reward for securing all the obtainable information about a farm, and when his eyes rest on a manufacturing establishment he knows that to him it is worth just twenty cents. In addition to these rates he is allowed five cents each for the enumeration of each surviving soldier, sailor or marine, or widow of such soldier, sailor or marine. Rates of compensation for enumeration of other matters are to be fixed by the superintendent of the census, having reference to the nature of the region to be canvassed, and the density or sparseness of settlement, or other considerations pertinent thereto; but the compensation to be allowed to any enumerator in any district, is not to be less than $3 nor more than $6 per day of ten hours of actual field work, when a per diem compensation shall have been established; nor more than three cents for each living inhabitant, twenty cents for each farm, and thirty cents for each establishment of productive industry enumerated and returned, when a per capita compensation shall be deemed advisable. No traveling expenses nor mileage will be allowed, except in extreme cases, and the previous authority must have been had from the superintendent of census.

The enumeration districts are to be laid out according to the tenth census, and no enumerator will, if it can possibly be avoided, be given a district which, according to that authority, contains more than 4,000 inhabitants.

Their Probable Average Pay.

In 1880, the enumerators averaged about $66 each as compensation, and the estimates for 1890 place the recompense at about $75; that means nearly $3,000,000 for enumeration along. It is very probable that the work of enumerating manufacturing establishments in large cities will be taken away from the regular enumerators and placed in the hands of special agents, whose pay will be anything from $4 to $6 a day.

The duties of the enumerator and of his superior officers will be somewhat heavier as to the population schedule this time, for the new law requires that inquiry shall be made as to the number of negroes, mulattos, quadroons, and octoroons.

Each official will have drilled into him the fact that there is a heavy punishment in store for him if he gives away any of the secrets of the census to any but his superior officers, and each official will be full of the knowledge of the fact that if any one refuses to give him such information as the legal schedule demands, he or she can be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both.

And the entire work of the collection of names and statistics must be done, and done well, for a sum which may not exceed $6,400,000. That looks as though it ought to be enough.

THE MASSACHUSETTS VOTE

On the Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment April 22, 1889.

The following is the vote of the state of Massachusetts on Monday, April 22, 1889, on the proposed prohibitory amendment to the state consitution, as compared with the annual vote in 1888 on the question of license or no license:

	1888.		1889.	
	No.	Yes.	Yes.	No.
Towns....	47,110	34,350	47,669	51,627
Cities....	60,624	91,296	41,511	80,090
Totals.	107,734	125,646	89,175	131,717

VOTE OF THE CITIES COMPARED WITH VOTE OF LICENSE AT FALL ELECTIONS, 1888.

Woburn has not voted on the license question since receiving a city charter; the figures in this table are those of the vote at the last town election.

	1888. License.		1889. Amendment.	
	No.	Yes.	Yes.	No.
Boston.....	17,660	35,744	11,660	31,075
Brockton...	2,026	1,720	1,239	1,428
Cambridge.	4,483	3,819	1,983	4,621
Chelsea....	1,688	1,951	1,195	1,611
Fall River..	2,413	4,216	2,162	3,022
Fitchburg..	1,207	1,614	1,201	1,263
Gloucester.	1,200	1,034	941	1,142
Haverhill..	1,393	2,228	801	1,672
Holyoke....	876	2,183	735	1,708
Lawrence..	2,017	3,409	984	3,476
Lowell.....	3,369	6,114	2,675	3,618
Lynn.....	1,919	5,140	2,313	3,116
Malden.....	1,808	613	1,050	1,216
New Bedf'd	1,015	2,560	1,300	1,470
Newb'ryp't	542	1,331	408	935
Newton....	1,563	353	1,211	1,200
N'tham't'n.	630	876	732	778
Quincy.....	1,394	458	491	1,069
Salem.....	1,299	2,437	874	2,009
Somerville.	2,46	744	1,812	1,546
Springfield.	2,049	3,243	1,733	2,602
Taunton....	1,157	1,456	1,193	1,420
Waltham...	1,109	1,292	740	1,189
Woburn....	1,155	1,155	1,057	1,479
Worcester..	4,599	5,616	3,660	5,446
Totals..	60,624	91,296	41,511	80,090

VOTE BY COUNTIES.

	1888. License.		1889. Amendment.	
	No.	Yes.	Yes.	No.
Barnstable..	1,385	260	1,728	920
Berkshire...	3,404	4,670	3,117	4,063
Bristol.....	6,666	9,082	7,470	7,478
Dukes.....	308	113	281	141
Essex.....	14,858	18,995	11,454	18,313
Franklin....	2,094	2,217	2,372	2,658
Hampden ..	3,526	7,952	4,796	7,373
Hampshire.	2,819	2,400	2,836	2,366
Middlesex..	25,200	20,447	18,767	25,126
Nantucket..	165	263	170	213
Norfolk.....	7,205	3,241	5,203	6,696
Plymouth...	5,349	3,515	4,371	4,809
Suffolk.....	19,863	38,021	12,598	32,052
Worcester..	14,890	14,464	13,422	17,527
Totals....	107,734	125,646	89,175	131,717

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

It is estimated that drink is responsible for 90 per cent of all divorces.

The liquor dealers and brewers of South Dakota have organized to defeat prohibition next October.

The brewers of Pennsylvania have already contributed $100,000 to buy up political workers to defeat the amendment June 18.

An English doctor says that of 1,540 cases of gout only one was that of a total abstainer, and his ancestors were beer and wine drinkers.

A cigarette-smoking boy will not make a strong man. He will have impaired digestion, small and poor muscles, irritable temper, and a lack of capacity for sustained effort of any kind.—*Dr. Bartholow.*

The Turks, who are prohibitionists, are working to abolish saloons kept by "Christians" in Constantinople. All drinking places within 250 feet from the houses of Turkish worship have been ordered closed, and the police are enforcing the decree. This sets the real Christian to thinking.—*African News.*

The following rhyme illustrates the farmer's practical tendency, even when versifying. It also examples the economy of prohibition:

Where sell our corn if stilling stops?
For corn is chief of all our crops.

Answer:

We'll feed it, friend, and then we'll sell
More milk and meat, and have less—hell.

There is not a group or assembly of Anarchists or extreme Socialists in America that does not soak its silly and dangerous resolutions in beer. Nor is there a single revolutionary or communistic assembly of total abstainers. The connection between prostitution and drunkenness is intimate. There is not a brothel conducted on the total abstinence principles in the world.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Beer is not food. Four hogsheads of beer are not equal in nourishment to one loaf of bread. The beer drinker is not soothed but paralyzed; he is not fed but poisoned; he is not cured of his maladies but made diseased in every part, and "wears his heart on his sleeve bare to a death-wound, even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat."—*The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful.*

The Des Moines *Register* says that Iowa is having great difficulty to get enough convicts to complete its contracts at the Fort Madison penitentiary; that every year the number of prisoners is smaller, so that the convicts that would naturally belong in the Fort Madison territory do not begin to be enough to do the work contracted for and that in consequence two thirds of the state must be scoured for convicts to help out Fort Madison where all the shops are and where the contract labor is done.

There is a most imposing array of names published of prominent citizens of Kansas, who declare that under prohibition "population has greatly increased, business has prospered, poverty and crime have diminished, and the open saloon has disappeared." Among about one hundred and fifty signatures are those of the governor of the state, three ex-governors, the chief justice of the state and associate justices, the judges of six judicial districts, the speaker of the house of representatives, and many names of noted business men, editors, doctors and lawyers.

Interest.

Till the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest on money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. In England, under Edward VI, interest was forbidden entirely from religious motives.

Parliamentary Roll.

The earliest parliamentary roll extant is of the eighteenth, Edward I. It is a grant to the king by several peers, for the marriage of his daughter.

Stocking Frame.

The first stocking frame was invented by William Lee, of Woodborough, Nottingham, England, in the year 1599.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER VI.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Sequel to "Kingdom Coming."

BY HENRY D. WORK.

Don't you see de black clouds
Risin' ober yonder,
Whar the massa's old plantation am?
Neber you be frightened,
Dem is only darkeys
Come to jine an' fight for Uncle Sam!

CHORUS.—Look out dar, now! We's agwine to shoot
Look out dar, don't you understand?
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
An' we's agwine to occupy de land!

Don't you see de lightnin'
Flashin' in de canebrake,
Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm?
No, you is mistaken,
'Tis de darkeys' bay'nets,
An' de buttons on de uniform!

Way up in de cornfield,
Whar you hear de tunder,
Dat is our ole forty-pounder gun;
When de shells are bustin',
Den we lond wid punkins,
All de same to make de cowards run!

Massa was de kernel
In de rebel army,
Ebber since he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkeys
Dey has been a-watchin',
And dey take him pris'ner tudder day!

We will be de massa,
He will be de sarvant—
Try him how he like it for a spell;
So we crack de Butt'nuts,
So we take de kernel,
So de cannon carry back de shell!

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia!

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground!
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia!

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia!

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia.

THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

Something About the Stars and Planets in May.

The constellation of Ursa Major (The Great Bear), popularly known as The Dipper or the Plow, is probably familiar to every one. During the month of May it will be, for the first part of the evening, on the meridian about 20 deg north of the zenith.

The stars of the Dipper are very conveniently named, for the brighter, or the one nearer the North Star, of the Pointers is known as Alpha; and the others are Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta and Eta, while the order of their lettering, starting with Alpha, follows the outline of the Dipper. Among the Arabs they were known as Dubhe (Alpha), Merak (Beta), Phad (Gamma), Megres (Delta), Alioth (Epsilon), Mizar (Zeta) and a faint star close to this called Alcor, and finally, at the end of the tail of the Great Bear, Benetnasch (Eta). Although the Dipper covers a large area, it must not be thought that it comprises the whole constellation of Ursa Major, for that constellation is at least ten times larger. If a line is drawn from Gamma to Alpha, and then extended about once and a half times farther, it will meet a small group of fifth magnitude stars, which represent the head of the Bear. A line drawn from Delta to a point half way between Alpha and Beta, and then extended twice as far, passes between the two fore-paws. A line drawn from Delta to Gamma, and then extended about four times farther, represents about the length and the direction of the hind-paws. With the help of these general directions the imagination can easily fill out the details.

It is said that the constellation of the Bear has been found on the Egyptian hieroglyphics, while it is well known that the Phœnicians knew of the constellation, and guided their ships in the night not only by it but also by the North Star. But the great antiquity that must envelop this constellation, if it originated from the Egyptians, is made almost insignificant, if what Dr. Mather told in 1712, A. D., is true. He said that "Though the Red Indians did not divide the stars into constellations, they called the stars of Ursa Major, Paukunawaw, that is, the Bear, long before they had any communication with Europeans. The Indians, then, must have learned the name from some Asiatic tribe before they crossed to America. For it is rather improbable that the Indians should name the constellation after the same animal that the Egyptians did, when it resembles no animal whatsoever. Perhaps, then, since the Indians came from the other side of the source of the human race from what the Egyptians did, this constellation is one of the first objects that attracted the attention of our earliest ancestors.

Zeta, the middle star of the tail, is a double star which can be resolved by any small telescope. The components are of the third and of the fifth magnitude respectively and 14 deg., or a little less than 1-100 of the moon's diameter, apart. According to Mr. Webb the former is bright white and the latter pale emerald, but one not accustomed to the telescope would probably not easily recognize these distinctions. Alcor, Zeta's close companion, is probably gradually growing brighter. For it used to be deemed by the Arabs, even in their clear skies, a good naked-eye test. But nowadays any one can easily see it.

The most impressive fact about this constellation is that discovered by Mr. Proctor, that all the stars of the Dipper except Alpha and Eta are moving at the same rate and in the same direction through space. Since then Mr. Higgins has found by means of spectrum analysis that these five stars are all made of the same chemical elements. Alpha, on the other hand, is approaching us at the rate of 46 miles a second. The common motion of all the stars of a group is called star-drift, of which they have discovered many examples. In fact, the sun is probably moving toward some point in the constellation of Hercules, perhaps, as has been thought, in company with the brightest stars visible to the naked eye. Whether the groups are moving in closed orbits, or whether they will always rush through space in a path similar to that now taken, or whether they will gradually fall into one another and thus at the some remote time become a vast mass of matter at a temperature of absolute zero is not as yet known. The dimensions of the solar system are hard enough to imagine, but the dimensions of such systems as these defy all conception.

Saturn will occupy about the same position this month that it did last month. It is moving, however, gradually toward the east. Saturn sets about midnight.

Jupiter is about 10 deg. from the horizon in the southeast at 11 p. m. A little farther to the south and 20 deg. above the horizon is the brilliant red star Antares (Alpha Scorpionis.)

Vensus will be too near the sun to make a very handsome display in the heavens. It will be only one-thirtieth as bright on May 1 as it was a few months ago. But on May 31 it will very nearly have reached its former brilliancy.

Mars is still lingering in the western horizon. It sets about 7:45 p. m., but it is too close to the horizon any time after sunset to be very brilliant.

Mercury is at greatest elongation on the 24th, when it can easily be seen soon after sunset in the western skies. It was at greatest brilliancy, however, on May 1.

Her Teeth Her Main Attraction.

Mr. A.—"I must compliment you; you have a charming wife."

Dentist—"Have you seen her teeth? Bertha, show him your teeth! I finished them only yesterday."

THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

"GRANDMOTHER!" called the farmer, and there came
Out through the vine-wreathed porch a blushing dame,
Surprised and eager at the strange new name.

The clock within rang forth the chime for eight,
"A message? Read it—quick—how can you wait?"
Her husband, smiling, leaned upon the gate.

At arm's-length, holding in his trembling hand
The crisp, white sheet, while he the writing scanned,
Then read once more, with voice almost unmanned:

"Thy granddaughter salutes thee, "Baby Bell."
"Mother and child, thank God, are doing well."
A moment's silence on the proud twain fell.

She broke it soon. "Grandfather, I congrat—"
"What, me?" the good man cried, lifting his hat—
"'Grandfather'—me? I hadn't thought of that."

—Annie A. Preston.

LESS LIQUOR, LESS CRIME.

The Remarkable Testimony to This Effect Given by Iowa Prison Statistics.

Detroit Tribune.

The *Iowa State Register* says that there are fewer convicts in the Iowa prisons now than there were three years ago, notwithstanding the fact that the population of the state is much larger now than it was then. The *Register* says that "so large has been the decrease in number at Fort Madison, where the contract work is carried on, that more than two-thirds of the state has to contribute to that prison, in order to get enough men to do the work. Warden Crossley says that there has been a decrease of 25 per cent in the number of prison inmates during the last three years. There has been no appreciable difference in the vigilance of officers, or the ratio of convictions to indictments, and the manifest inference is that there are not so many crimes being committed in the state of Iowa as there were three years ago. Here is a decrease of 25 per cent to be explained. How can it be done?"

This is certainly a remarkable showing—a decrease of 25 per cent in crime within three years in a state whose population is steadily increasing. The *Register* doubtless gives a correct explanation when it says that "the only marked change in the social life of the state during the last few years has been the closing of the saloons." In four fifths of the counties of the state there are no open saloons, and it was about three years ago when the strict enforcement of the law was commenced. The decrease in the number of prison convicts began about the same time.

Telling a Person's Age.

Here is an ingenious and puzzling plan for telling a person's age: Tell Charley Jones, for instance, born in August, to mark down

Number of month	08
Multiply by 2	16
Add 5	21
Multiply by 50	1,050
Then add his age, 15	1,065
Next subtract 365, leaving	700
Finally add 115	815

Now the two figures (15) to the right in the last line show the age of Charley, and the remaining figure (8) indicates the number of the month in which he was born.

To go beyond middle life, take Mr. Jones, born in December, the twelfth month, and aged 56 years:

Number of month	12
Multiply by 2	24
Add 5	29
Multiply by 50	1,450
Add his age, 56	1,506
Subtract 365, leaving	1,141
Then add 115	1,256

The same result is reached, the last figure (56) being his age, and the first figure (12) the month of his birth.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Curiosities of the Century.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

About 200 people went to the White House, yesterday, to attend the President's regular Monday reception, and many of them were very indignant that the President had gone away without notifying them. The group should have been photographed. It is a rare thing nowadays to get together 200 people who do not read the newspapers.

The Cowardice of Suicde.

New York Herald.

It strikes us that it is rather a mean thing to clear out and leave your family to bear the brunt of circustances which you dare not face.

A Man Without Bluff or Bluster.

Richmond Times, Dem.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Harrison is one of those modest men whose courage and sense are not known until some great occasion calls them out.

Of Course We Are.

Hartford Courant.

With all our imperfections on our heads, we are a soberer, more intelligent, and more intelligently patriotic people than the Americans of a hundred years ago. There was an unpleasant seamy side of self-seeking, jealousy and intrigue to the politics of that day as there is to the politics of our day.

Slightly Different.

Providence Journal.

The ghosts of the soldiers, who starved at Valley Forge, must have looked down on the $35,000 Centennial banquet with somewhat mingled emotions.

Another Lesson of the Centennial.

Chicago News.

That was a great moving day just 100 years ago when the first President took up his residence in the Executive mansion on May 1. History will bear us out when we say that the President did not swear when putting up the stovepipe or putting down the carpet.

One From Railroad Smashing Iowa?

Dubuque Times.

The President cannot do better in completing the Interstate Commerce commission than to do it by placing thereon a representative western man.

A Kansas Idea.

Lewiston Journal.

Fairmount College at Wichita, Kan., is to have a boarding house, log-cabin style, to be built of Hoosier stone, cut log-shape. It will be named the "Carrie Harrison Lodge," after Mrs. President Harrison, and will be a beautiful residence for college girls.

Warning to Girls.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

Certainly the careless use of cosmetics is a most dangerous and vulgar practice, especially when exposed to the garish light of day; but the most suspicious of lovers can be easily deceived under the dazzling rays of gaslight. The terrible fate of the girl who trusted to these elusive lights to secure a lover, and who on her way to the alter (from the unflattering rays of the cruel sunlight) lost a husband, is a striking example of the danger of giving to one's make-up too many artistic touches.

A Lasting Disgrace.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The account of the drunkenness at the Centennial ball is almost incredible. Free champagne in the hands and in the heads of callow youths, made the closing scenes of the ball a disgusting debauch.

Take Your Time; We Can Wait.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Republicans are in, and they have two new states to back them. Montana, the third state, seems to be Democratic, and we can only hope to whip the party out by making a majority of the whole country Democratic. Whether this is an easy matter or a hard one, we will not now discuss.

Here's the Diagram.

Chicago Journal.

The first stanza of Whittier's centennial hymn is certainly the subject of a misprint as it appears in Western papers, or the poet has lost his cunning. As printed it is as follows:

"The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States."

Now, it is evident that Mr. Whittier did not intend to give its geographical name to the country by the last two words of the last line in this verse. He simply meant that the states had become united. The couplet should be printed:

And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were united states.

What's the Matter With English?

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The most inappropriate thing observed in New York was the printing of the menu of the centennial banquet in the French language. No one in fifty of the banqueters could read a line of it. Such toadying at any time is bad, but worse when meeting to glorify American acts and American men. The menu written in the Sioux or Cherokee would have been much more appropriate.

An Accurate Test.

Somerville Journal.

You can always tell just how much a wife loves her husband by watching to see how long she lets him have the opera glasses at a spectacular show.

Anything, So Long as It's a Man.

Rochester Post-Express.

A Boston girl has married a Chinaman. It is getting so now that the Boston girl doesn't even ask the nationality, if it is only a man.

One Fly Can't Spoil the Ointment.

Philadelphia Record.

It is pleasant to find that among the many centennial addresses delivered throughout the country, but few notes of partisanship or bigotry were sounded; and those that were heard, indeed, were almost drowned by the generally prevalent harmony. A solitery fly cannot destroy the virtue of the whole pot of ointment.

Had an Ark of Their Own.

Chicago Journal.

Every one knows that ex-Secretary Endicott loves nothing better than to talk of his family and pedigree, but not every one knows how Hon. Frank Lawler, of Chicago, commented on that sort of talk one day. He heard Mr. Endicott to the end, and then said: "Yes, the Lawlers are a great family, too; they date away back of the ark." "No there, indeed?" said Mr. Endicott. "I have no recollection of reading of a pair of Lawlers in Noah's collection." "No, indeed," said Mr. Lawler, "we had an ark of our own."

An Eye to Moral Culture, Evidently.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In Boston they do not "spare the rod and spoil the child." The public school reports show that "there were 18,000 cases of corporeal punishment recorded in the schools of Boston last year."

Mending Their Own Trousers.

Boston Journal.

Many farmers in western Kansas have planted patches of cotton this spring.

A Bit of His Own Record.

Indianapolis Journal.

Could citizen Grover Cleveland have been making a sly dab at the mugwumps when he said in his banquet speech: "Ill-natured complaints of popular incompetency and self-righteous assertion of superiority over the body of the people are impotent and useless." It seems very much like it.

A Little Down on Wings.

Chicago Journal.

A Baptist minister in Wright county Mo., was shot a few days ago while imitating the cry of a wild turkey. This should be a warning to divines to avoid imitating anything with wings until they get into an immortal state instead of the state of Missouri.

Those Who Want Ballot Reform.

Rochester Herald, (Ind.)

All honest and worthy citizens earnestly desire it. Business men, our merchants, manufacturers and those engaged in the professions desire it. The workingmen as a class are zealous in its favor. But the bosses, the ringsters, are against it. It would interfere with their success at the polls. It would secure an honest vote, and an honest vote is the thing they don't want. Opposition to ballot reform affords ground for suspicion regarding the motives and practices of the man who indulges in it. The reform is so wise, just and necessary that it is sure to succeed sooner or later, but it ought to go through at once in this state as it has in some other states.

All in the Point of View.

Galveston News.

One calls firmness backbone and another calls it bighead. Practically there is everything in the point of view, and this depends upon the interest of the critic.

The E Pluribus Unum of It.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The United States government is a triple trinity of power and liberties—the Nation, the state and the individual existence; the executive, legislative and judicial power; civil, religious and intellectual liberty.

Marriage and Un-Marriage.

Boston Congregationalist.

Why is it not just as wrong to permit notoriously-unwise marriages as to grant divorces on evid

The Household.

MISS EMILY B. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL LIFE.

It Receives Its Impress From the Presiding Mistress.

O the women of the United States everything pertaining to the home life and character of those who have occupied the highest social position in the land is always interesting. Just now when the whole country has been thrilled with the memories of old Revolutionary days, by the centennial inauguration ceremonies which have been held the past week in the metropolis of the Western World, this is especially so, and the stories of the years which they passed in the White House are read eagerly.

These accounts, stretching from the days of Martha Washington down to the present of Mrs Harrison, seem to me to naturally fall into three periods, the first extending through the administration of the Presidents of the Revolution, as they are sometimes called, which includes all to Jackson, or the wives of Washington, the Adamses, Madison and Monroe, Jefferson having entered the White House without a wife to share his triumph.

LADY WASHINGTON'S REIGN.

Social life at the President's house naturally received its impress from those who presided there. In those early days, underlying the protest against royalty and the homage it demanded, there was yet remaining a reverence for its forms and ceremonies. This is evident in the etiquette which prevailed there during the reign of Mrs.

Washington. She held a levee every Friday which was, by no means, democratic as to access. The guests were required to appear in a certain style of dress, the ladies with bare neck and arms, the gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, with ruffles in the sleeves and shirt fronts. Americans had not then established the custom of a universal hand-shaking, and that was omitted entirely.

Mrs. Washington sometimes made calls, but when she did so a livery footman was sent in advance to announce her coming, and shortly after she would start attended by a gentleman of the household. An airing was taken in state, riding in a cream colored coach gay with frescoed flowers and emblazoned with the Washington arms, drawn by six bay horses and attended by outriders. She is the only President's wife who has ever been by courtesy addressed as "Lady," instead of the usual plain prefix used for all married women.

With all of the regard which she evidently had for the exalted position of her husband, it is certain she had an equal regard for her own position as a wife and housekeeper, and that the duties thus devolving upon her were paramount to all others; for we read that she did not attend the inauguration ceremonies, being kept at home to arrange her household affairs preparatory to going to her new residence.

This seems funny enough now, but a journey to New York then meant a good deal more of effort than it does in these days.

THE NEXT MISTRESS.

The next presiding lady was a New England girl, born and bred in an entirely different atmosphere from that in which the youth of Lady Washington had been passed. The daughter of a country clergyman, and in those days when it was thought that the sons must be educated at all costs, while it mattered little about the daughters, provided they were taught to cook and sew, she gained what education she had by reading the books that came in her way, and her excellent memory served her in good stead. Very much of her life and its influences have come to us through her letters that have been preserved in the family.

When she married the poor young lawyer John Adams, her father felt that she had thrown herself away, and so too did his parish. The minister finally concluded to put a quietus upon the talk, and preached a sermon from the text, "For John came, neither eating nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." And this same John, who was so decried, afterwards became the President of the United States.

They were very happy together, as her letters, written during the troublous times of the Revolution, show. But how funny it seems to us to read that she sought amusement during her husband's absence in the pages of Rollin's Ancient History, and that she had her little seven-year Johnny read two pages a day, that he might not miss papa, and possibly, too, give him a fondness for the book. That sort of thing seems in keeping with the fact that the warmest expression of love of the children for their papa was comprised in the one word "respect," and that the husband and wife "never indulged in any more endearing epithet than that of 'my dearest friend.'" Just think of it!

ENTERING THE WHITE HOUSE.

It was during Mr. Adams's Presidency that the White House and Capitol at Washington were first occupied. Not much of a palace was it, and her housekeeping there began under difficulties. There was not a bell in the house, nor any means of heating and lighting; yet on New Year's day, after entering, she held a drawing room "with all of the formality and etiquette of royalty." Unlike Mrs. Washington, she returned calls, but maintained always a certain rigid etiquette, that had its origin in a reverence for royalty.

The wife of Jefferson, to his intense grief, died before he became President For four months he never went beyond her call, and before she passed on gladly gave her his solemn promise never to wed another—a promise which was not broken. During his time there was little social life at the White House, no weekly levees, and though there was always a full table, the guests were all men. When a state dinner was of necessity given, pretty Dolly Madison was asked to preside. All of the formality and stately etiquette hitherto practiced was put aside by Jefferson, and to such a degree as to arouse considerable indignation among some of the foreign diplomats.

PRETTY DOLLY MADISON.

One's heart always grows warm when reading of Dolly Madison, the bright, peerless little woman who reigned a very queen of the drawing room, whose gracious tact made friends of foes, and whose quiet dignity and winsome manner always won hearty admiration from all parties.

In her time there was no lack of social life at the White House. Drawing rooms were held, dinners were given, and none of either were ever dull or tiresome. She followed Mrs. Adams's example in returning all visits paid her, and she organized "dove parties," that were exceedingly popular. All people in Washington united in their liking for this high-bred, piquant, always gracious lady, whose beauty of form and feature was enhanced by the rich and elegant dress that became her position. A very queen of society she was, one who filled a difficult place with infinite tact and skill.

MRS. MONROE PRESIDES.

Then came Mrs. Monroe, quiet and domestic in her tastes, but an exceedingly beautiful woman, who had already won laurels in France ere she entered the White House as its mistress. Succeeding Dolly Madison, she found it exceedingly hard to fill her place acceptably, although she made the greatest efforts to do so. A recent author says, an Englishman wrote home of her that she was regal looking and had polished manners, but her dinners were tedious and her levees formal. Everybody missed the sparkle of Mrs. Madison, which made the festivities of the Presidential mansion alight with enjoyment. Mrs. Monroe introduced the custom of returning no visits, one which has been kept up by all of her successors.

THE LAST OF THIS PERIOD.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams was the last one of this first period of which I have been writing. She was educated in London, and was very accomplished. Her marriage took place there, and the first year or two of wedded life was passed, at Berlin, to which court her husband was the accredited minister. Later he was appointed the minister to Russia, and thither she went with him, and was there through the times when Napoleon was shaking all Europe with terror as to what he would do next. It required the utmost courage for any one to attempt to travel, but Mrs. Adams had the bravery to undertake, with her child and servants, to go to Paris, where her husband had gone some time previously to confer with the peace commissioners.

For eight years, it is said, she presided over the White House with grace and dignity. She was not beautiful, but the elegance of manner which she had acquired by her long residence at the different courts of Europe stood her in good stead. Like Dolly Madison, she allowed no political differences to appear at her entertainments. Socially her husband's administration was thus made very popular, and Mrs. Adams is remembered pleasantly as always and everywhere a lady.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

N making fancy work it is best not to use colors which fade easily, if the articles are to be placed where the sunshine or a strong light will fall upon them. Often their beauty is gone from that cause when they are neither soiled nor worn.

MELON SEED BAG.—Bleach plenty of musk melon seeds. Have fine cotton and fine needle, as the seeds are apt to slip. Double your thread knot and begin. First —Sew through thick end of twelve seeds, fasten the thread by tying with the knot, then bring the needle up to point of seed. Second—Sew through points, putting the thick end of one seed between each point of first row, fasten, bring needly up as before. Third—Put one steel bead, the thick end of two seeds, then another steel bead between each point of the last row, bring thread up after every row. Fourth—Put one bead, three seeds, one bead in the space and one bead between the points of seeds in preceeding row. Fifth—Two beads, three seeds, two beads in space and one bead between each point. Sixth—Three beads, three seeds, three beads in space, and one bead between each point. Seventh—Four beads, three seeds, four beads in space and one bead between points. Eighth—Five beads, three seeds, five beads in space and one bead between each point. Ninth—Six beads, three seeds, six beads in space and one bead between points. Keep on with this last until your bag is as long as you wish. Nine times is about right. Line with silk or satin, allow a heading of two inches double above the seeds. About one and one-half inches from the top stitch around twice and put in elastic, put two long loops and a small bow of one inch wide ribbon on each side to hang over the arm; put bow and ends on bottom.—FLORA.

PRETTY STAND.—I have never seen a stand like the one I have, so I will tell how to make it. First get three broom handles, which paint with gilt. Cross the handles about a foot from the ground, cut so that they will fit snugly together. Now take the cover of a cheese box, cut a strip of bright velvet, or plush, and fasten to the edges of the box. Fit the broom handles in the cover and nail securely down.

I have a basket in the center just above where the handles are crossed, in which I have a joint plant, suspended by gilt chains. I train the plant to run around the stand so that it is all one mass of green foliage.—F. W. MORRISON, Parthena, Pa.

A PILLOW FOR BABY BUGGIES—Is of a good size, is made fourteen by seventeen inches. Make a tick that size, and fill with feathers. Make pillow slips a little larger. A nice way is to make them of fine muslin, and outline with red or blue, and line with lace three inches wide all around. They can be made of lace or wedding veil put over a colored slip. Do not advise using any material that will not wash, as they always want to look clean and fresh.—MONTANA MAY.

YARN RUGS.—As I saw in THE BLADE of February 14 a request for using yarn in rugs, I will tell how I use up the old stockings and socks. Take a piece of bed ticking or some good stout cloth the size you wish the rug; then draw the design with colored chalk. Take the bright colors for flowers, ravel out, and wind around two fingers four or five times. Slip off, and sew on the cloth with good stout thread. Be sure and double together as you slip off. Fill around the flowers with the sober colors. Shear off a little when done.—A SUBSCRIBER.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A NARROW BUT PRETTY LACE, Cast on seven stitches. 1st row—3p—o—n—o twice, 2p. 2nd row—2p—p1—2p—o—n—1p. 3rd row—s1—2p—o—n—4 plain. 4th row—b off 2—3p—o—n—1 plain. Repeat.—FLORA.

In answer to several requests the meaning of the terms used in crocheting is given below, and we hope every individual who is interested will cut it out preserve it, against the day of need.—ED.

TERMS IN CROCHET.—Ch—chain, a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl st—slip stitch, put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. S c—single crochet, having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put the needle through the work, draw the thread through the work and the stitch on the needle. D c—double crochet, having the stitch on the hook, put the hook through the work, and draw a stitch through, making two on the hook. Take up the thread again, and draw it through both these stitches. T c or t r—treble crochet, having a stitch on the needle, take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and draw the thread through, making three on the needle. Take up the thread and draw through two, then take up the thread and draw it through the two remaining. Sl r c—short treble crochet, like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing it through two stitches twice, it is drawn through all three at once. Ltr c—long treble crochet, like treble, except that the thread is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble. Extra long stitch—Twine the cotton three times round the hook, work as the treble stitch, and bring the cotton through two loops four times.

P—or picot—made by working three chain, and one single crochet in first stitch of chain.—KANSAS WOMAN.

If all ladies who crochet will read the directions, they will notice the mistake a great many make in giving directions for lace patterns. They put d. c. in place of t. c. or tr. Treble crochet is this: having a stitch on the hook, take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the hook through the work and draw the thread through, making three on the hook. Take up the thread and draw through two; then take up the thread and draw it through two remaining. Now, read for double crochet, and see the mistake many make in their directions. It is carelessness, I suppose.—KANSAS WOMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOVERNING CHILDREN.—I want to make an appeal through the HOUSEHOLD to the mothers and fathers too, for their children. Here is how the appeal was presented to me but two days ago by a sweet little girl not yet five years old, daughter of my neighbor, who calls herself my little "friend."

Said she, "Don't you think when I hurt me mamma whips me, just think, when I hurt me!" In the most pathetic tone this was said. Then she added in a tone of self defense, "all little girls cry when they are hurt, don't they?" "You wouldn't whip your little friends when they hurt them, would you?"

Then she went on to tell how she was carrying in some water for her mamma, when her mamma came out at the door and bumped little M—— on the head with a dishpan she was carrying, and "don't you think, she sent me upstairs," (a frequent mode of punishment). Now I say this is cruel, and hear this, "just think, when it hurt me." Whole volumes could not express more indignation and helpless cruelty than that one sentence in that baby voice.

Now this is not an exceptional case at all. Mothers all over the land there are, who jerk their little ones up by one arm or hit them a slap for "being so careless as to fall in the dirt," or a thousand and one things that children are likely to do. Mothers are tired and cross and they take it out of the children, to use a slang phrase.

Years ago another little friend of mine was very unruly at times and very bright. The unruliness she had inherited as well as the brightness. The parents are likely to over-look that fact—and when her mamma spoke to her in a sharp, quick voice the child was just like a rock, would not move or obey but by force. As the mother could not control herself, by speaking at all times kindly and gently, she thought as she was the stronger physically she must control the child by force. Expecting the little one, of course, to control her own stubborn spirit by reason and judgment—superior to the mother. So little G— used to get many hard whippings and slaps frequently in the face. The writer being a guest at the house for a few days persuaded the mother to let little G—— go home with her for a few weeks, and a sweeter, more affectionate little thing never smiled through, that week of kind treatment. She was not five, so not old enough to adopt company manners.

One day in conversation with her I asked if it hurt when mamma spanked, and never to my dying day can I forget the look that came in her face as the big, brown eyes filled with tears and the baby lips trembled forth: "It does when she spanks me in the face!" Years have come and gone, but that scene is never thought of without tears.

Both of these mothers I speak of are refined, cultured women, devoted to their families, and would burn with indignation at the suggestion that they were cruel to their children; but if this is not cruelty, then may God never let me see cruelty in its true form.—ONE WHO LOVES CHILDREN.

"ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN."—This is intended for young men of the country, whose mothers and sisters do not advise and criticise them, and who do not go into society very frequently or are unobserving.

Certainly, there are country gentlemen who are as refined, and present as nice appearance as their city cousins, but I have seen too many who are sadly the reverse, and it is the knowledge that there are so many such persons, that has prompted me to write this.

Many of you are looking for wives, and to you I will say that a nice appearance, and gallantry, and a little courage, go a good ways towards winning the girls' hearts.

Notice well the following:

Don't wear a colored shirt.

Don't carry a colored handkerchief; carry white linen ones.

Don't wear the same hat and boots when you go to the city to see your love that you wear on general occasions near home.

When a young man calls on his girl he should remember that it is a special occasion and he should look his best, wear a fine shirt, fresh and perfectly clean, fine white collar and cuffs, the best suit of clothes, necktie, fine shoes, gloves, even in summer, his best hat, and carry a white, not colored, handkerchief, and be well shaven, with hair nicely and fashionably cut.

You know all this without being told, did you say?

Well, why don't you do better then? I tell you a city girl or refined country girl feels ashamed to be with a young man when he is not "dressed up" his very best; and what's more, they won't go with you any more if you don't.

Because you didn't "dress up" according to the foregoing suggestions is the reason they did not invite you to come back, when you were there last.

If you are heavy set, do not think of wearing light-colored, checked or plaid suits, (if slender you may), but choose plain dark suits or striped suits.

Be sure your hands are clean. "We always have clean hands!" No, you don't for I've seen many of you, some of you rather stylish, with black borders to your finger nails.

Now, read carefully and follow every bit of advice it contains and you will be far more likely to win the girls' hearts.—CUCKOO.

GOOD ADVICE.—Household Sisters, I beg of you to make the best of what you have. Endeavor to see the bright side, and do not feel badly because you cannot have the fine things your more fortunate neighbor has. Your pretty cheese cloth curtains and home made furniture, probably make a far happier home, than many, where plush and rosewood abound. You are tired, baby is cross, and the work not half done, and perhaps you envy the woman who has no children, who dresses in silks and rides in her carriage. In your blindness you think God has treated her best, for you cannot see why she is not perfectly happy. She in turn looks longingly at your little cottage and blooming children, and perhaps somewhere there is a little green grave that is dearer to her than all her riches. Your husband comes home from work at night, tired out and only too glad to spend a quiet evening with his family, while hers, is away, basking in the smiles of other women, or quaffing that deadly cup with his friends (?). Ah! you are the one to be envied, not to envy.

There is no surer way to find contentment or to drown sorrow, than to look around you for some one who is worse off than yourself. Comfort comes to those who speak comfort to others. No matter how hard your lot, you can find others that are much worse. Much of our sorrow is imaginary or selfish, as we will see when we compare it with others who have had so much more to bear.

Be patient, ye who suffer and are weary, and learn to look above this world for comfort. Remember the beautiful words "come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Not rest such as is of this world, but such rest as passeth all understanding.

When your burdens are heaviest or your sorrow deepest, go to the Father and tell Him your troubles, as a child tells its loving mother. You chasten the child for its own good and the Father chastens us that we may draw nearer to Him, and learn to trust to His judgment not ours. I can sympathize with all who are in trouble and sorrow, for I, too, have seen trouble, but have learned at last to put my trust in Him and say "Thy will, not mine, be done."—MONTANA MAY.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please tell me whether there is any later style for hat marks than the satin crown is?—OHIO MALTIE.

Will some one send through HOUSEHOLD a good biscuit recipe (made with sour milk), and also tell what will kill ants on peony plants?—FANNIE.

Will THE BLADE readers send me some garden seed of any kind at once?—Mrs. G. H. CAPES, McRae Postoffice, Bottineau county, Dakota.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers who live where birch bark, mistletoe and pampas grass can be obtained please send me their address? I want some of each and cannot get them here. Will "Montana May" please give directions for portrait painting in oils. I would like to correspond with Taxidermists.—KATE KRAUS, Pomona, Kansas.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell how to prop gate tulips and also give mode of culture.—KANSAS FLOWER.

I would like to know if among the many "HOUSEHOLD sisters," some one knows of a good middle aged woman who would come south—near Chattanooga, Tenn., to find a good home in a small family with good wages, if competent to do general housework. It is almost impossible to obtain good help here. I also know of a family who would like to take a young girl, say about fourteen, who would be willing to help with housework. Both families are from Ohio. Please address Mrs. K. P. JONES, 213 Cherry street, Chattanooga, T.

In the HOUSEHOLD columns of two years years ago a lady from Ohio recommended the use of a white lily root to permanently cure freckles and tan. If that lady or any one who can procure this lily root for me will send me their address through the family circle, I will be greatly obliged. We have beautiful wild flowers dotting the level plains, wild picturesque scenes crowding the mountains, of which I may tell you some time if acceptable.—KELPIE.

I am a great lover of birds, I caught three red birds this winter and they have all died. I will explain their actions and maybe some one can tell me what caused their death. They would apparently be well as could be, but all at once they would leap to the top of the cage and drop to the bottom, chirp a couple of times, and get stiff. Their feathers would seem to turn yellow. Several times when they did this I picked them up in my hand and they would get over it for a while, but soon take them again and it killed them all. Now I want to get some more and wish some one would tell me how to take care of them, and what was the matter with the others.—A. E. KOPP.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Mountain Daisy," it is somewhat difficult to advise you without knowing your tastes. You should have a course of history, first of your own country, then of England, and later of other countries. Why do you not take the Chautauqua course, which is all marked out for you, and is a thorough education, gained by spending 40 minutes a day? I would advise you to write to the secretary of the society, Miss Kate Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., telling her what you want. She will send you circulars containing all needed information, how to proceed, etc. You will accomplish more in that way than in any other.—ED.

"A Farmer" wants to know the best way to keep cider sweet. Have good, sound apples, and a clean, sweet cask for the cider. Put it in the cask and keep it full, so it can throw out the pumice; as soon as that is done set the cask where it is to stand. Set it on end, and put in the cask a bottle of sweet oil, and keep it corked tight. Draw the cider from the bottom of the cask. The oil will keep the air from the cider, and do to use again.—GRANDMA.

Mattie: First wash your hat, and while damp, apply liquid shoe polish, or dissolved Diamond slate dye. When dry, go over again with a solution made of two teaspoonfuls of white sugar dissolved in one cupful of hot water. This stiffens and gives a gloss.

A Reader: Look over the advertising departments of city papers, and then write to dealers in stationery or fancy goods. Send a self addressed envelope for answer. Or else get the address of ladies of wealth and drop them a card saying you have pressed ferns for sale, stating price. Or write to the Woman's exchange. I believe there is one in St. Louis.

Thanks to Mrs. Minnie Evans for answering my inquiry about the color of oranges.—MONTANA MAY.

Seeing "Mattie" of BLADE, date 11th, ask about coloring a hat, will tell my experience. Colored a white straw hat black with one package of diamond dye, letting the hat boil in dye until dark enough, then rinsed well, stretched over a tin bucket until thoroughly dry, varnished with white varnish, lined the hat with pink satteen, trimmed with the same and black Spanish lace. A very pretty spring hat.

Nebraska Nell: Moire silk is very pretty to trim dresses, cuffs, collars and revers being made of it. Polonaise and redingotesare fashionable, not any looped overskirts.—CARMINE.

If Sarah A. Davis will send me her address, and tell what kind of position she wants, I will send her all information necessary about teaching in Texas. Will the same for any other young lady. It is too long for publication.—Z. C. ALVIS, Winsboro, Texas.

If "Subscriber of BLADE" will follow the directions given below, she will have lemon extract of superior quality: Take the rind of good lemons and cut in small pieces and bruise them; place them in a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour enough alcohol of a superior quality over them to cover them completely; place the bottle in a vessel containing cold water, and gradually bring it to a boiling heat; cork loosely and put in a dark place, when cold, cork tightly. In ten days pour the contents of the bottle into a small bag made of strong muslin, and press the alcohol out of the rinds; pour it into small-mouthed bottles and cork tightly. If not intended for immediate use, pour melted beeswax over the corks.—AUNT SUE.

RECIPES.

SUMMER DESSERTS.—During the warm weather I always make the morning fire do as much of the day's cooking as possible, and always make the dessert then, as it saves heating up the house later in the day. The following are a few of our favorites:

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls tapioca; 1 quart milk; 1 tablespoonful butter; 4 tablespoonfuls sugar; 2 eggs; a little salt and teaspoonful flavoring. If milk is not plenty, use half water. Mix tapioca and half the milk, and stir over the fire until it boils; then add sugar, butter and the eggs, well beaten. Bake half an hour. Serve cold with jelly.

CORNMEAL PUDDING.—One quart boiling milk; stir into the milk 3 heaping tablespoonfuls meal, and boil for 12 minutes. When nearly cold, stir in 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 4 tablespoonfuls sugar; 1 tablespoonful molasses; half a teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and salt and 3 well beaten eggs. Bake slowly for two hours, adding a small cup of milk at the end of the first hour and stirring it up well. Serve with whipped cream.

APPLE SNOW.—One quart of stewed apples mashed fine through a sieve; sweeten to taste (cannot give amount of sugar as apples differ in tartness); whip the whites of 5 eggs perfectly stiff, then whip in the apples a spoonful at a time. Set on ice until cold. Serve with whipped cream if you have it. It is very nice however, without the cream.

CREAM CUSTARD.—Two tablespoonfuls of gelatine covered with cold water and let stand half an hour, then dissolve in 3 tablespoonfuls of boiling water; then add 2 cupfuls of milk, and when boiling add 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and a little salt and vanilla. Stir constantly until as thick as cream, then remove from the fire and cool. When perfectly cool, beat 1 cupful sweet cream and the whites of 2 eggs until stiff, add 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar and beat into the custard, which must be entirely cold. Set on ice and stir often until it begins to thicken. This can be made the day before it is wanted and left upon ice.

FRUIT CREAMS.—Q s pint of sweetened fruits (strawberries, raspberries, currants, stoned cherries, peaches, apricots, pears or oranges), 1 box of dissolved gelatine, mix fruit and gelatine together and place where it is cold. Whip the whites of 2 eggs and 1 pint of cream stiff, add 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, add the fruit gradually and set in a cold place or upon ice.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—One-half cupful of sugar; ½ cupful lemon sugar; beaten yolks of three and whites of 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful melted butter; 7 tablespoonfuls cold water; 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch; 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar; 1 teaspoonful lemon extract. Mix well and bake in 2 under crusts. When done beat the whites of 2 eggs and 2 teaspoonfuls sugar to a stiff froth and spread over them; set into the oven and slightly burn. The above can be made into one pie but it is very rich and I prefer making it into two and cutting each into quarters. It is much quicker to use lemon sugar than to use lemon, and in places where lemons are scarce it will be appreciated.

LEMON PIE.—Three table spoonfuls of corn starch, mixed in cold water, stir into 1 pint boiling water and add 1 cupful sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 1 tablespoonful butter and beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Bake in one crust and first as in the above.

CUSTARD PIE.—One pint milk, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, a pinch of salt and a little nutmeg. Bake slowly.

WATER CUSTARD PIE.—One pint milk, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 eggs, salt and nutmeg. This is very nice for persons of weak stomach, as it is easily digested.

CREAM PIE.—Two cupfuls sweet cream, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 egg, a little salt and vanilla.

MONTANA MAY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Or Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TOLEDO, O.	Mary Johnson
Harry L Shepler	Elmore Lewis
LIBERTY, IOWA.	Herman Wolters
Lizzie Hockett	Cressy Bernard
Ophia Kenoyer	Mabel Bernard
Earnest Kenoyer	Maud Bernard
NEW VIRGINIA, IOWA.	Harry Alter
Stella Harsh	Elmer Hammond
Addie Harsh	Fannie Bouchie
Virgil Huckaby	Meanie Taylor
Pearl Huckaby	Belle Taylor
Frank Huckaby	Robert Taylor
WARSDVILLE, MO.	Jennie Taylor
John N Gintz	Jennie Norton
Fred L Gintz	Carrie Lingelbach
Ettie E Gintz	Ada Chamberlain
Eva Mary Gintz	RECTOR, ARK.
Lucy E Gintz	Minnie I Brunson
George D Courtright	Maggie C Julien
PLYMOUTH, NEB.	Mary C Taylor
Ellen Lerum	Lucy Omer Frantham
Jessie Holly	Ida Mosley
Nellie R Holly	Nora D Adams
Amanda Peed	Alta Pride
Anna Peed	Essie Pride
Ella Peed	Dora Russell
Zoe Peed	Leona Russell
Edna Mosher	Etta Jeffers
Jessie G Mosher	Jada Wooton
Robert J Tate	Lottie Allen
Carrie Marty	Maud Wright
James Neal	Mary Spragens
Minnie Neal	Gertie Allen
Sarah Neal	Alfred Russell
Farie Smith	Eddie Miltcher
Ella Sears	Willie Miltcher
Ina Sears	Charlie Jeffers
Hatty Crosser	Tommy Wooten
Clara Jewell	Adrea Adams
Della Hosking	Frank Warren
Lawrence Hosking	Drese Cox
Ray Hall	Meekins Allen
Rosa Buckingham	Oscar Rhodes
Orin Buckingham	George Allen
Huoert Buckingham	Elmer Adams
Pearl Folsom	Beedy Za Wite
Ruth Letchford	Thurston Glasco
Mary Hilborn	

Names this week, 89. Total 26,622.

The above embraces all names received up to May 2.

THE PENCIL TREE.

Oh! could I find the forest
Where the pencil trees grow!
Oh! might I see their stately stems
All slanting in a row!
I'd hie me to their grateful shade
In deepest, deepest bliss,
For then I need not hourly hear
A chorus such as this:

Oh! lend me a pencil, please, mamma!
Oh! draw me some houses and trees, mamma!
Oh! make me a floppy
Great poppy to copy,
And a horsey that prances and goes, mamma!

The branches of the pencil tree
Are pointed, every one,
Ay, each one has a glancing point
That glitters in the sun;
The leaves are the cut of paper white,
All fluttering in the breeze,
Ah! could I pluck one rustling bough
I'd silence cries like these:

Oh! lend me a pencil, do, mamma!
I've got mine all stuck in the glue, mamma!
Oh! make me a pretty
Big barn and city
And a cow and a steam engine, too, mamma!

The fruit upon the pencil tree
Hangs ripening in the sun,
In clusters bright of pocket knives,
Three blades to every one.
Ah! might I pluck one shining fruit
And plant it by my door,
The pleading cries, the longing sighs
Would trouble me no more.

Oh! sharpen a pencil for me, mamma!
'Cause Johnny and baby have three, mamma!
And this isn't fine!
And Hal sat down on mine!
So do it bee-yu-ti-ful-lee mamma!

—*Youth's Companion.*

For the Young Folks.

GAMALIEL GREEN.

BY ABIGAIL T.

AMALIEL Green! Gamaliel Green! you were rightly named," cried Miss Nancy, as she caught the hoe out of the boy's hand and gave him a rude push, which sent him staggering against the garden wall. "To go and cut up my passneps instead of these pesky weeds! Now get yourself off down to the east lot, and tell John to give you a job at uncovering corn; and mind you, be spry."

Gammy started to obey. It was his first season on the farm; but one thing he had already learned, that uncovering corn after a plow is a most back-breaking kind of exercise; so, when he had turned the orchard corner and was out of sight of Miss Nancy, he suddenly forgot to be spry, and went dragging himself slowly along with his head hung down and muttering, "I wish she wouldn't call me that dreadful name nobody else ever did. I hate it, and I hate her, and I hate—no, there's Miss Lucy."

"Yes, here she is," said a voice beside him.

"Why, Miss Lucy, you *here!*" and the face lifted to her's flushed crimson.

"Yes," said she; "the schools are having a holiday to-day and I thought I would walk over, across lots, and save you the drive. But what has happened, child, and of whom were you speaking when I came up? Tell me truly, Gammy."

The boy blushed again and stammered, "It—it was Miss Nancy. She was cross like and—and—"

"And what?" said the lady.

"And I was thinking," Gammy went on, "that Miss Nancy don't ever seem like you; and it seems just like you have been married some time. Weren't you, really, Miss Lucy?"

"No, Gammy, never that I can remember," and a gay, girlish laugh rang out from the throat of the woman who wore silver ornaments in her hair. But very soon her face grew grave, as she took the boy's hand and said:

"You must try to feel differently toward sister, Gammy. We may not be just alike, she and I, but she has had sickness and sorrow, and oh! she has been a mother to me. So, for my sake, be kind and patient to her."

"I'll try, Miss Lucy," said Gammy, as he started with a quickened pace toward the east lot.

All day long, while he stooped to remove the heavy clods from the tender blades, he kept thinking how Miss Lucy's sunny face and cheery tones had lightened his heart that morning. Then it came to him that she had said that Miss Nancy had had sickness and sorrow. Young as he was, the boy knew what sorrow meant, and great tears rushed to his eyes as he thought, maybe, sometime she had felt lonely and forsaken as he had. As to sickness, well, he could never remember of having been sick but once; that was when he had the chicken-pox. But how terribly his head did ache then, and how cross he had been.

Poor Miss Nancy! He felt kinder toward her now.

That evening, when Gammy had finished his chores and was starting to his room, Miss Lucy called him to her, and pointing to a dictionary that lay open on the table beside her, asked him to tell her the meaning of his name.

She watched him as his finger ran over the list of names until it reached the G's, then rested on his own. The boy looked puzzled as he pronounced the words, "Gamiliel, recompense of God."

"Shall I explain it to you?" said Miss Lucy.

"Oh! if you will, please," said Gammy.

"To recompense," said she, "is to pay for. Now I believe that a dutiful and loving little son was once given to his gentle mother, to repay her for all the care and affection she gave to him; that he was afterwards given to Miss Nancy, to repay *her* for the comfortable home to which she brought him when he was left alone in the world. This he can do only by being grateful and obedient. And, if this same boy should grow up a good and useful man, all his friends will be well recompensed for any kindness they have ever shown him."

"I will try, Miss Lucy; I will try hard," said Gammy, as he took up his tallow candle and went off to bed.

Years afterwards, Gammy used often to run down from the city for a day or two at the farm; for, in his beautiful home, where he was known as Judge Green, he never forgot the lovely woman, who could only go hither and thither in her invalid chair.

One evening, as he sat near her, before the fire, in the old family room, he was speaking of Miss Lucy, who, so long assistant to the principal of the Oldbury schools, was still assisting him, though not as a teacher.

"She has always been assisting some one," said he.

"Yes," said Miss Nancy; "I once overheard her in this very room helping you to find out the meaning of your own name."

And the earnest words which she then spoke had never been forgotten, he said, but had helped him over many a rough and hard place in life.

For a while Miss Nancy was silent. Her mind was running over all these years, in which the man beside her had been more to her than many sons are to their mothers; and she was thinking that the dear old homestead was still hers, because his hands had long ago rescued it from the grasp of her creditors. At last, turning to him, she exclaimed, "Ah, mine has, indeed, been an abundant recompense for the stinted favors once bestowed upon a homeless boy. Yes, yes, Gamaliel Green, you were rightly named."

ELSIE LESLIE.

Before "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett had written for *St. Nicholas* a short story called "Editha's Burglar," the story of a little girl who tries to influence a burglar not to "burgle" loud enough to wake or frighten her mother. Mr. Augustus Thomas dramatized the story, making a charming little play which Mr. Frohman, of the Lyceum theater, wished to bring out. The question was, who could act "Editha?" It must be a child, of course, and a child who would enter into the spirit of the part. So it came about that a little girl named Elsie Leslie Lyde was chosen; and all who saw or knew how well she embodied the character. Her success as Editha led naturally to her playing the part of Fauntleroy; and now the little girl is inseparably associated with her perfect personation of the little lord.

Elsie Leslie Lyde is not yet ten years old. She was born in New Jersey, not far from Newark, of mixed English and American ancestry. Her mother's family are English, but they have for some years been settled in America. On neither side have there been any actors, though there have been a few writers and more clergymen. Elsie's dramatic genius is a surprise to every one, and it is a great surprise that she has preserved her entire unaffectedness, her simplicity and childish charm, when we consider how much of her life is passed before the footlights, and that applause is constantly ringing in her ears. But this only proves that she can act Fauntleroy because she is like him in heart, and spirit, and feeling. She had been playing for a time with Mr. Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," before she undertook "Editha." As "Meenie" and "Hendrick" her ability was clearly shown, and when Fauntleroy was dramatized by Mrs. Burnett and brought to England, Elsie was engaged to create the role in America. The child, in her home life, is admirably trained and very judiciously cared for. Undoubtedly she possesses a genius, which, sooner or later, surely would have asserted itself. And she has her future to consider above all things. She is to be well educated, and I think her professional life at present tends toward that. No child's performance could be better than her "Fauntleroy." Through the pages of *St. Nicholas* the story had spoken to thousands, and dramatizing it was only to extend its sweet influence. There had never before been a play all centered about a child, with no love story, very little side plot, the moral lesson just what the child's life taught. Here, at last, was such a play, and I think of all children I have known, Elsie was best fitted to enact the hero.

I was asking her the other day whether she enjoyed it. Her face glowed. "Oh, yes; because Fauntleroy is so *beautiful!*" Elsie, you see, was one of the many children who read and loved the story, and it has come quite naturally to her to embody the part, because out of something in her own gentle and loving nature she understands Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy.

Perhaps I could do no better than to give my readers an account of an actual day in Elsie's life.

I have told you of Elsie's sunny room—there, late in the morning, she awakes. Meta, her French nursery governess, appears, and Elsie is bathed and dressed and has a simple, wholesome breakfast. I think sometimes it must be hard work to dress her, for she is on the "hop, skip and jump," wanting to take up this, that, or the other, and not liking a bit better than any other little girl to have the tangles combed out of her profuse golden hair. [And just here I may mention for the benefit of interested readers that Elsie never wears a wig. The shower of golden tresses which "Fauntleroy" tosses about are all natural, as she knows to her sorrow many a morning.]

As to her dress, she wears guimpes and Greenaway gowns at home, simple, childish and pretty; and she has a keen sense of color and tasteful adornment, though I have never

Talmage's Sermon.

AN OLD FALSEHOOD REFUTED.

Before Discussing the Experiences of the Past, He Denies Emphatically that He Ever Advocated Miscegenation—A Sermon on Religious Life.

BROOKLYN, May 5.—At the Tabernacle to-day, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon on the subject, "Other Days Lived Over," and made reference to the falsehood that he had advocated miscegenation of the white and black races. His text was Deuteronomy viii, 2: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." He said:

Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which I welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or a fool, perhaps both.

A Retrospective Sermon.

But to open this morning's subject I have to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I said, "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in 40 years." There was the sitting room where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the places where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples, too. There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses, bareback and with a rope halter? We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection—old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors, who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Balerma," and "Antioch." Oh, they were a glorious race of men and women, who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now as to their bodies in silent neighborhood on earth, but as to their souls in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good, and it would do you all good, if not in person, then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in middle age on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to acquire to achieve a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

It Is Good to Look Back.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with a thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening meal, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You climbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again in the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farm house, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossoms of buckwheat.

The Ivy Green.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields and sit down on the door sill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put away her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night, and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother, who in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day.

The Conviction Hour.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morning; it is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. Arouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf and I wrap them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourself keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With fair wind and tide our you made the boat skip. You went on and life grew brighter until after a while, suddenly, a voice from heaven said: "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked around about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room and you said, "God save my child! God save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken this little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

God's Consolation.

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was the thick darkness, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, and was about to put it to your lips God said: "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he poured into your lips the wine of his comfort and consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer of mind ever since that night, when the little one, for the last time, put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your own sickness. The child's tread on the stair, or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness, the exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate appeal, on a commodious residence, on everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the waves. By an unadvised endorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

The Hand of Bereavement.

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the paternal heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now, sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but as stanch and earnest and loving, as ever watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever.

Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the chill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm branch it will be already to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

I was sailing down the St. John river, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, it is not the heights of this world that are rich, it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

The Last Moment.

But these reminiscenses reach only to this morning. There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium, "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was: "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me in that day, and not me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and state surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

"HEMORRHAGE may take place from the kidneys or from the mucus membranes, particularly that of the nostrils." So writes T. Grainger Stewart, M.D., F.R.C.P., M.D., Ordinary Surgeon to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease. Hence the only natural inference is that the kidneys must be restored to a healthy condition before its effects will disappear. Warner's Safe Cure is the most efficient agent for this purpose known to science.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wolf Teeth—Horse Doctor Book.

J. R. E., Esrom, Mo.: Wolf teeth are natural to all horses. They appear from the first to the fifth year. During second dentition the permanent teeth grow and push out the milk teeth. A small tooth often survives in front of, and touching the upper molars, called a wolf tooth. Some veterinarians think that there is no necessity for removing them. In modern practice it is not believed that they affect the eye. However, they are easily removed and it will do no harm to take them out. If the horse who has them gets sore eyes, treat the eyes without reference to the wolf teeth as they are not the cause. For a work on horse farriery or horse doctoring, address T. J. Brown, Hull & Eager, Toledo, Ohio.

Dry Scabs and Itching on Hogs and Little Pigs.

M. B. H., Gig Harbor, Washington territory: Judging from that which you write, we think your hogs and little pigs are not suffering from hereditary disease, but from an insect called sarcoptes sui. It is an insect that is transmissible to man, and is therefore to be dreaded. Burn up all the bedding in the pen, and clean everything up thoroughly. To treat the animals to get rid of the pest, soap each animal well with soft soap and let it remain on for about an hour; then wash off with warm water. After this, rub them with this ointment: Flour of sulphur, 4 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; lard, 8 ozs. Mix well before applying. Give each grown animal, in soft feed, flour of sulphur ½ oz.; nitrate of potash, 1 drachm. Feed this once a day for a week. Keep the animals from getting wet while under treatment. If in two weeks after applying the ointment evidence of a return of the trouble is noticeable reapply. If you have a sore or cut on your hand wrap it before rubbing the hogs with the soap. If there is hereditary disease, there must be other evidences than those you describe. Try the above, and keep a close watch for other symptoms. If you judge correctly the above will remove the scabs and itching. As to the length of time a boar should be used for breeding purposes it is usually considered more profitable to alter and fatten him after the third year than to keep him longer. Of course a great deal depends upon the value of the animal. A boar of great merit has been kept for eight years. A very valuable boar should be kept as long as he will get good pigs.

Thick Wind in Colt After Distemper.

M. N., New Albany, Ind.: Give your colt this: Powdered nitre, ½ dr.; extract of belladonna, ½ dr.; arsenic, 4 grs.; mix with honey; for one ball once a day for a week. Repeat after two weeks, or may be spread on the tongue, well back, with small paddle.

Heaves in Horses 18 or 20 Years Old.

R. P. B., Butler county, Pennsylvania: There is no medicine that will cure your horse, but relief may be had. Feed none but easily digested food. Keep the bowels regular with roots or bran mashes. First give him a dose of three drachms of powdered aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this give as a drench, in a pint of water, this recipe of Prof. Law's, every morning for a month: Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz.; belladona extract, 1 drachm; tincture of ginger, ½ drachm. The animal should be turned out on clean pasture while under treatment. All oats or hay should be dampened before given.

Bunch Over Fetlock Joint of Young Horse.

E. A., Orono, Mich.: For the bunch on your horse's fetlock joints, take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 dr., lard 1 oz.; mix well, and after cutting the hair from over the bunch, apply the bit about the size of a hedged hickory nut every night until there is a free watery discharge. Wash off every morning with warm water, and re-apply. Keep this up for about five or six days, and then heal with unsalted lard. After healing, take a soft piece of cork that will fit snugly over the part, and bind it on, leaving it there for two weeks. It may be necessary to repeat the absorption.

Hogs Weak in Hind Parts—Some of Them Sick all Winter.

M. J. H., Manton, Iowa: Your hogs, we think, are troubled with rheumatism. Give in soft feed to each hog weighing 100 pounds and over, and to others less in weight a corresponding amount, 1 oz of rochelle salts. Give this for one dose for two days. Then give for about eight days flour of sulphur, ½ oz.; nitrate of potash, 1 drachm; powdered charcoal, a tablespoonful. Mix well and put in soft feed. Rub a tablespoonful of turpentine well in over the small of the back. Feed but little corn for a week or two. Have the pen scrupulously clean, with warm bedding. See that there are no cracks in the pen, as the hogs must not be subject to direct draughts of air. Under proper treatment they should soon recover. Examine them closely for lice. Hogs get lice before you are aware of it.

Horse Limps in Right Hind Leg When Starting off Quickly.

Constant Reader, Marion, Kansas: We could not say from that which you write precisely what causes the lameness in your horse's leg. More or less lameness at first, diminishing on motion, may be caused by navicular disease, rheumatism, etc. If he has spavin, as some have told you, take of mercurial ointment, 2 oz., powdered cantharides, ¼ oz., oil of rosemary, 2 drachms. Mix and rub over the part affected a bit the size of a hulled walnut every night. Wash off in the morning with warm water, and reapply. Keep this up for a week, and heal with vaseline. It may be necessary to repeat after a month's time. You should be certain what is the matter with a leg before doing anything. Your description is not sufficiently clear.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Different Views on Listing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—For information of your many readers (I want the information for myself) I have been farming more than 20 years. Can some one tell me how "W. W.," of droughty Kansas, wore his horses out listing corn, going over the same place four times then got no stand? I presume he never waited for it to come up, but kept planting until he wore his horses out, or he would have planted a few more times—at least he said he wore his horses out. Now, my experience is that farmers plant corn and wait about 10 days for it to come up, and while waiting their horses get some rest. When I lived on the Neosho river, and we got through planting, if said river overflowed, why it wouldn't be dry enough to plow for two or three weeks, but we general wore our horses out riding up and down the sloughs trying to spear catfish with a pitchfork, but we did not get any of that kind of fish, or much corn either, nor did we plant with a lister. I do not think said lister would be a success in a catfish country. But, as I am different from "W. W." not timid about my name or locality, will say I live on first-class bottom land—that means very low land. Now, for the mistakes he said I made, will clip both articles and send to you, and, Mr. Editor, you may see which has made the mistakes, he or I, and I want the readers to know that I did not describe all listers, only the one I use. Of course there are others I might have told you of. There is another one on this farm that has two wooden beams. I never said I used two horses to draw said lister; but, brother farmer, W. W. says the thing is not worth a describing. That is his opinion only, and not others. He further says I will laugh the other way next June. If that be true, why haven't I been laughing the other way the past three Junes, or properly, the past three years. Again, he says, do not try listing, before you might have a good crop, and then, sooner or later, you will lose a whole year's labor. I am not aware that it takes a whole year to raise a crop of corn. With a lister it can be done much sooner than that. The first time I tried it it was a failure. Got no stand. I then used three horses. Think that was the hindering cause. Never used three since. Use two or four, and that depends on how hard the ground is. I will say there are just six times as many listers used in this township as there were last year. He further says that two horses can not be used, because they would have to walk on the ridges. I will ask him where horses walk in cultivating listed corn. But as he wore his horses out before he got a stand, I do not suppose he can answer the question, and as he only tried it once, how does he know it will not do year after year on the same row. I will acknowledge the only mistake I made in my article, and that was in noticing an article from a farmer that fails to give his name or address, and this will be my last to him, unless he tells us who he is, also locality.—SAMUEL WALKER, Lay, Kas.

The Moth.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—W. T. Morris, of Archer, Florida, wants to know how to keep moths out of his bee hives. If he will keep good strong colonies of bees, the moths will not bother them. Moths scarcely ever bother strong colonies. It is weak and queenless colonies that the moth takes. Italian bees are proof against the moth. The Langstroth hive is as good as any.—J. P. FAUROT, Bee-keeper, Armstrong, Illinois.

Getting Kid of Sassafras Bushes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can any of the members of the BLADE FARM suggest a good plan for getting rid of sussafras bushes?—E. WILSON, Rumble, Indiana.

Burdock—Elder.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to Farmer, of Conway: To kill burdock, spade them out by the roots, or, what is easier, take a hoe, scalp them off below the surface of the ground. Then pour about a tablespoonful of coal oil on them. This is a dead shot. As to your elder patch, make a sheep pasture of it. Pasture them in the winter, and then in August, and your elder patch will soon disappear.—C. W. B., Wheeling, Indiana.

This Is a Good Record.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: I saw in your paper of this 9th of April a correspondent says that he sold 26 dozen of eggs in five months from 12 chickens, and another says that he sold 20 dozen in three months from nine chickens. I sold 501 eggs (nearly 42 dozen) in one month, all laid from 20 chickens that were hatched in May last.—W. B. HIBBARD, West Randolph, Vt.

Getting Rid of Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I want to commend a plan for getting rid of worms in fruit trees which I found in THE BLADE about a year ago. It was to charge a shotgun with powder, without wad, and holding the muzzle near the nest, let her blow. It is altogether the easiest, quickest, cheapest and best method I ever tried.—F. R., Ypsilanti, Mich.

How to Raise Peanuts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—For the benefit of G. A. A., in last BLADE, I will give the mode of cultivating the peanut, and the results: The land must be a sandy or loamy soil; clay will not do. Plow deep with a bull-tongue or scooter plow. Mark off 3½ feet both ways; shell the nuts; plant three or four in a hill; cover just as you would corn; after they are up, plow with the scooter both ways; plow deep. Continue this until the vines spread. Use the hoe only to clean out weeds and grass that the plow has left. Do not hill up; do not cover any blooms. With deep, loose ground and level culture the vines will soon cover the ground. Little spikelets come out beside the bloom and run down into the ground; the nut grows on the end of them. To cover the bloom defeats its mission. Cultivate as above, and nature will do the rest. I have been familiar with peanut culture for 40 years or more; have raised myself over 150 bus. per acre, but will say they are a Southern plant and I doubt if they succeed very well in the northwest, as they require a long season, but you can tell by trying.

To gather them after frost, and the nuts are ripe, take hold of the outer ends of the vines and gently raise them, nearly all the nuts will come out; turn them over roots up to dry, gather the nuts off at your leisure. What is in the ground is easily raked out, or let the pigs gather them.—G. R. PUCKETT, Daytona, Florida.

After Yellowhammer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In THE BLADE of April 11, a Mr. Yellowhammer, of St. Marys, Ohio, says there is one subject he would like to see discussed, and that is one of interest to every farmer—our bread supply. He then goes on to state that with them wheat is not a very profitable crop at best, and that if he takes a bushel to the miller he will generally get his toster, and if the wheat is extra quality and strictly clean and tests 60 pounds, the miller will give him 36 pounds of flour and 7 pounds of what he (the miller) calls bran. I take it for granted that Mr. Yellowhammer is like 90 out of 100 farmers: he thinks all millers dishonest, when the fact is the farmer cheats the miller ten times where the miller cheats him once. For instance: Mr. Yellowhammer comes to my mill; he knows when he loads his wheat in the wagon at home just how much I ought to give him. Did you ever know how much these farmers do know? They know more than any other man living. They know how to run a grocery, how to farm, how to run a mill, how much we all make, etc., etc. They are always moving from place to place, to jew tradesmen down to the lowest on what they have to buy, and to get the highest price possible for what they have to sell. For instance they will come to my mill with some wheat to sell or have ground; it has probably got everything in it smaller than a dead hen. It contains from five to fifteen pounds of dirt to the bushel. He expects me to weigh it in dirt and all, and give him flour for it. Well, now, 45 lbs. of wheat and 15 of dirt is not a bushel; neither is 55 pounds of wheat and 5 pounds of dirt. If I should buy his wheat at $1 per bushel and then when I went to to pay, give him 85 cents and 15 chips, or even 95 cents and 5 chips, do you not guess he would be some kicking?

If he were to go to the store and buy a pound of coffee, and when he comes to use it found it partly parched corn, do you not think he would march it back and never get done blowing about it? But when the miller buys of him he must take both his dirt and abuse and say nothing about it. Mr. Yellowhammer says we are robbers. I would not be surprised if half the sacks he has was held from some miller or warehouseman. Then there is a class who are always going from one mill to another; they are never suited. The miller is dishonest and the flour bad, and so on. Well, the proper and only way is for the miller to let them do all the talking, for if he says anything they will report it at the next mill they visit and thereby make trouble. Then there is a class that will pass by the home mill with their wheat, but if they have a little corn or dirty chop to grind the mill at home is good enough. I think such men ought have to do their own grinding on a tread mill, and they do the treading. Now as to bread-making, it is all guess work to a great extent, for there is not one woman in five that has a system of bread-making. Sometimes too much yeast is used and sometimes too little. Sometimes the sponge freezes and again it is kept too warm and too long and sours and the bread is bad. Now, if anything of the kind happens it is sure to be blamed to the miller. Now, Mr. Editor, I have no doubt that there is dishonest millers as well as dishonest farmers, but I do not think, as a class, they are any worse than men in any other occupation, and as I have said my little speech, will say in conclusion, that I have been a subscriber to THE BLADE for 12 years and have never yet (until now) saw anything that I felt called upon to take my pen and reply to.—J. A. I., Itosca, Indiana. [J. A. I., we think, after deliberate thought will agree with us that a farmer nor any one else can be blamed for getting the highest possible price for that which he has to sell, and purchasing his supplies at the very lowest price. Like the miller, the farmer is not expending time and labor in production just for the fun of it. He will admit, we believe, that the miller is not compelled to take the farmers' dirt as so much wheat. If the miller is a competent buyer he will purchase wheat at the ruling price for certain grades. If the wheat contains dirt, the miller calculates upon this in his purchase. Wheat may grade nearly No. 2, but by reason of dirt, immature grains, etc., it brings only No. 3. The miller blows it and makes No 2 grade, but the wheat may have been plainly No 3 before it was blown. The miller does not lose anything by blowing it, because he calculated upon this dirt, etc., in his purchase. Farmers will average up in honesty as well as other people. There is an old and trite saying that people are about the same all the world over, no matter to what class they belong.—ED.

Some Very Pointed Remarks by Mr. Stine.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Since my last communication appeared in THE BLADE FARM in regard to the twine trust and the Farmers' alliance, certain developments have taken place, which, viewed from an impartial standpoint by the unbiased reader, show that whilst the alliance claims to fight all trusts and monopolies which militate against the interests of the farmer, it has clasped hands with the trust, and becomes an aider and abettor in the scheme of extortion, inaugurated by the trust. It is an open secret that the alliance is now offered twine in car lots at 11½ cents, whilst retail dealers in the article are asking 18 cents per pound now and 20 cents at harvest. A good thing for its members, but not so good for those who are not, and who stand in a ratio as to numbers, ten to one. Has this change been brought about by the Alliance alone and unaided? Not by any means, but by the aid of farmers' meetings, circulation of petitions, and pledges given by non members, not to use any twine at the price demanded by the trust. Such are the facts in the case, at least here in this part of Kansas. The reader will at once come to the conclusion that if the benefits are for the members of the Alliance alone, the trust's object is to placate them, in other words, it is a "sop" to Cerberus, to cease agitating the question, while the trust quietly shears the outsiders. In my humble opinion, the Alliance should have refused the "sop," unless all were included, it would have been more honorable and just to those who helped force the barriers, and are now in soup. But if the Alliance has left us outsiders, eingebrochten suppe selbst essen, that is no reason why we should not profit by the lesson, and stand together, and avail ourselves of the hundreds of thousands of acres of flax straw which annually rot and go to waste on our fields in the West, by converting said straw into twine rope baling and bagging. That would at once put us in a position independent of trusts and the jute crop, and put many a dollar into our pockets. That now goes to waste. To show what the flax industry used to be, I will quote from the report of the commissioner of agriculture for 1879. Said report shows that the ratio of dressed flax foreign to native dressed flax, used in the United States, is said to be about 7 to 21. The flax is handled in Europe, reducing it one-half, while doubling its value, and then imported as raw material. With adequate protection a vast industry would spring up, and our farmers would reap some of its benefits. There is another consideration of far more importance to the flax interests, the bare statement of which should prove its own argument. In the case of dressed flax, it is claimed we could not at once furnish anything like a supply should the foreign markets be suddenly cut off. That does not alter the fact that we do now grow hundreds of thousands of acres of flax straw, the greater part of which is wasted after the seed is taken off. Why is this vast production allowed to go to waste? A manufacturer of Muncie, Ind., thus answers the question: It can only be attributed to defective and ignorant tariff legislation. In 1879 there were imported 119,395,200 lbs. jute butts, used exclusively for paper and bagging manufacture, at an average price of 2½c per lb., including $6 per ton specific duty. At this low price flax straw manufacturers are unable to compete with jute butts. In the same year there were imported 1,300,458 bushels of flax seed, averaging $2 40 per bushel. Covering for cotton is allowed at 10c per yard, for which it could be furnished, would distribute throughout the Western states about $3,300,000, derived from an article that at present is principally wasted. Besides giving employment to thousands of laborers, it would give flax culture an impetus that would ensure us to supply the demand for seed, instead of our having to grow corn and wheat to export and trade for it, paying freight both ways, together with the different margins of speculators.

In 1869 there were about 90 mills in operation, 14 of them bagging mills running about 140 looms. Thirty-six of these were in Ohio, distributed through Ohio's many counties, giving employment to about 4,000 hands, who received some $200,000 per annum in wages. These mills consumed nearly 30,000 tons of raw material for which the farmers received $500,000. The operations of 1869 aggregated nearly $2,000,000, all of which was direct production. In 1866 less than three-sixteenths of the cotton crop was covered with flax bagging, but such was the increase of production that in 1869 and '70 three-fourths of it was thus covered, leaving one-fourth to be covered by the foreign product. The flax crop has increased, in the same period, from 52,546 acres and 12,000,000 pounds to 90,000 acres and 80,000,000 pounds of fibre, an increase of about 400 per cent. With proper protection and encouragement this increase could have been maintained for years to come. But in 1870 the duty upon gunny cloth (the foreign product coming in direct competition with flax) was reduced to such an extent as to make the manufacture in this country impossible, and in 1871 every flax mill in the country was closed, and privileges, machinery and skilled experience went down. Inasmuch as the farmers are credited by the Democracy with electing President Harrison, would it be asking too much of the party and Congress to restore the status of things, by adequate legislation, as they were prior to 1871, or raise the duty on jute butts from $6 per ton to $10, thus giving the farmer a show to compete with the cheap labor of Russia, Germany and Belgium, and at the same time raise the duty of imported gunny cloth and sacks from 25 per cent to 35, so that he may be enabled to compete with the cheap labor and cheaper capital of the English manufacturers? Assure the farmers of the West $6 per ton for flax straw, and that will be a step in the right direction in settling the wheat raising problem, which has been a very unprofitable crop in this part of Kansas, not only as regards price, but also on account of chinch bugs. Give us adequate protection on flax and its manufactures, and we will willingly relegate the raising of wheat to the northwest and bid defiance to chinch bugs, trusts and all other parasites that prey on the farmer and his crops. The Alliance and Grange being the only organized body of farmers in the United States, should set the farmers' protective ball in motion, by appointing committees to go to Washington when Congress meets to revise the tariff, and also notify their congressmen in their respective states what is expected of them.—WM. STINE, Wesley, Kas.

Received.

American Poultry Journal, devoted to poultry, pigeons and pet stock, Chicago, Ill. May number.

The California Cackler, devoted to poultry and kindred industries. April number. Published by the California Cackler Co., San Francisco.

Eight Years on Trial.

This is a sample of the letters received from those who use the "Ohio Farmer" Knives:

DUNKIRK, N. Y., April 29, 1889.

Maher & Grosh, Toledo, Ohio:

DEAR SIR—I had one of your knives eight years ago. It was the best and only good knife I ever had. I have worn it out and want another. FRED B. KINNER.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE REPORT.

A Review of the Business of the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, May 4, says: The unprecedented interruption of business by centennial preparations and celebrations has made the week nearly a blank in commercial or financial respects. At New York accumulated orders gave a surface appearance of greater activity on Thursday and Friday, but it is yet too soon to judge which way the tide will turn, and the reports from other cities, though nearly all hopeful in tone, do not indicate the expected improvement. The situation seems better at Milwaukee, satisfactory at Omaha, good at Cleveland as to most branches but quiet, fashionable as to iron; rather dull at Kansas City and St. Paul and less encouraging at the chief centers of the grain, iron, coal and leather trades.

Reports about the wool trade are contradictory. A report that the treasury may not disturb the woolen worsted question for months disturbs importers who have quantities of goods locked up because collectors wait for a decision. Otherwise, the woolen trade shows a little better movement.

Recent signs of improvement in iron and steel have not been sustained. Here and at Boston southern No. 1 pig has been offered at $16 by new companies to introduce their products. The effect on prices of other iron is felt. At Philadelphia,

WASHINGTON NEWS.

OUR DEBT.

The Condition of Uncle Sam's Treasury During the Past Month.

The April public debt statement is as follows:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	148,542,200.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	676,342,100.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	120,790.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Interest	6,547,318.34
Principal	903,628,602.00
Total	910,175,920.34

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,931,735.20
Interest	155,176.57
Total	$ 2,086,931.83

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,823.50
Certificates of deposit	14,580,000.00
Gold certificates	136,614,989.00
Silver certificates	254,939,203.00
Fractional currency, less $8,875,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,916,939.47
Principal	759,788,754.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,665,349,112.23
Interest	6,702,494.91
Total balance	1,672,051,607.14
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	414,769,028.43
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	514,769,028.43
Total debt—less available cash items	1,157,281,587.71
Net cash in the treasury	55,677,150.25
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1889	1,101,605,428.46
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1889	1,114,683,662.57
Decrease of debt during month	13,078,264.11
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	63,979,228.18

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	136,614,789.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	254,939,203.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	14,580,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	8,634,250.17
Fractional currency	786.26
Total available for reduction of the debt	414,769,028.43

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$24,975,567.45
Minor coin	223,906.52
Total	$25,199,473.97
Certificates held as cash	24,345,263.00
Net cash balance on hand	55,678,150.25
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	619,990,915.65

HARRISON'S HEALTH.

He is in Good Condition Notwithstanding his Hard Work.

There has been a good deal of discussion, in the newspapers and elsewhere, during the past week, over that rather important matter, the health of the President. The publicity which has been given it has annoyed the President very considerably, not because there was any foundation for the rumor, but because the public generally would not give as much credence to the denial as it had to the story, and in this way it would be regarded as an established fact that he was a sick man but his friends were trying to conceal the truth. Really, there is not the slightest necessity for alarm. The President is in better health to-day than he was 20 years ago, and his appearance has improved 50 per cent since he left his seat in the Senate. His physical condition is infinitely superior to that of Cleveland at any time during the latter's term of office. The story probably originated with some one who had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Harrison, and who imagined that the pallor of his countenance indicated sickness. There's where he was wrong. He would take an expert physician to discover anything in the President's countenance that would answer as a basis for a diagnosis. His body may fatten or become lean, his liver may become bloated or it may shrivel up, his heart may palpitate and his stomach be rebellious, but his face will always be of that waxy-white color; that is its natural hue.

Private Secretary Halford has said that the story probably sprang from a remark made by Russell Harrison as to the President's having lost some sleep. It is true that the constant worrying of office-seekers has kept the President's thinker at work at a decidedly high pressure, and one of the natural consequences would be a shortening of the hours devoted to slumber. That is all there is in the "scare." There is no insomnia at the White House, unless Baby McKee has it.

A Libel on the President.

President Harrison is extremely indignant over the rumor which was started at Washington on May 3, to the effect that he had ordered a number of secret service officers to shadow prominent candidates for office, in order that he might learn something of their daily lives and habits.

He said to THE BLADE correspondent that such a publication was an insult to him and he was amazed that any reputable paper should have given such a falsehood a place in its columns. "If I desired to do so," said he, "I could not call upon the secret service to aid me; it would be unlawful. That, however, is not a matter for discussion. I have not, and most certainly shall not, use spies to assist me in choosing officials. When I am so fearful of man's character to think he needs watching, why, I simply let him drop. The story is an outrage and a reflection on my reputation which I am sure is entirely uncalled for."

The Soldier Gets a Show, Now.

A decision was rendered on May 4 in the case of James Dunn, late of Co. B, of Massachusetts volunteers, for an increase of pension. Claimant was pensioned in 1884 at $4 per month for a gun wound. Since that date he has filed numerous applications for increase, all of which were rejected on the ground that the claimant was then receiving the full amount of pension to which he was entitled under the law for the disability resulting from the gun shot wound in the back.

In claimant's original declaration, he alleged that he was wounded in the small of the back "and the bullet was never extracted," and in a subsequent application he states that "the ball struck the spinal column and was imbedded in the vertebra." In the application filed in 1887 he says: "I ask of the pension department as a special favor to have my wound opened, and I am under the impression there will be no difficulty in locating the ball in the vertebra."

The assistant secretary calls attention to the fact that it does not appear that any heed was given to this request, which would, at once, have determined a fact—one which is a potential factor in rating his disability—and in case the ball was found to be lodged where the claimant believes it is, it would account for the real disability from which the claimant suffers, and so entitle him to a higher rating.

The Lydecker Case.

The sentence of the general court martial in the case of Maj. S. G. Lydecker, corps of engineers, who was tried on the charges arising out of the aqueduct tunnel frauds, has been made public, and is as follows:

"To forfeit to the United States one hundred dollars ($100) per month of his pay, for nine months, and to be reprimanded in his orders. The court is thus lenient in view of the evidence before it, that in spaces so confined as those above the arch in the tunnel, it was almost impossible for thoroughly good work under the contract system imposed by law."

Paunce Sees the President.

Secretary Blaine appeared at the state department on May 3, looking very well and showing no traces of his recent illness. Soon after his arrival Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British minister came to the department, accompanied by Mr. Edwards, the charge d' affairs, and Secretary Herbert, with several other attaches. The new minister was introduced to Secretary Blaine who immediately proceeded with the party to the White House where Sir Julian was formally presented to the president.

The usual felicitous speeches were exchanged.

Circulation Increase.

A statement prepared at the Treasury department shows that there has been a net increase of $7,768,683 in the circulation since April 1, and that there has been a net increase of $4,903,034 in the money and bullion in the Treasury during the same period. The principal increase in the circulation was in gold and silver certificates and United States notes, and the principal increase in the Treasury holdings was in gold coin, standard silver dollars and national bank notes.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on May 3:

To be United States attorneys:

SAMUEL W. HAWKINS, of Tennessee, for the Western district of Tennessee.

JOHN RUEHM, of Tennessee, for the Middle district of Tennessee.

D. ALVA S. ALEXANDER, of New York, for the Northern district of New York.

To be United States marshals:

JOSHUA B. HILL, of North Carolina, for the Eastern district of North Carolina.

C. B. HARRISON, of Tennessee, for the Middle district of Tennessee.

J. W. BRAUN, of Tennessee, for the Western district of Tennessee.

[S. S. Hawkins, the newly-appointed attorney for the western district of Tennessee, was the Republican candidate for governor at the last election. He is a resident of Huntington, and said to be an excellent lawyer. J. W. Brown, who has been appointed United States marshal for the same district, lives at Brownsville, and has held the office of clerk of the court of Haywood county since 1886. He is a young man of high repute. John Ruhem appointed district attorney for the middle district of Tennessee, is a native of Germany, who came to this country in 1861, joined the Union army, served through the war, most of the time on Gen. Thomas's staff. He is said to be one of the best lawyers in the state. W. B. Hill, of Raleigh, appointed marshal for the Eastern district of North Carolina, held the same office under the previous Republican administration. There was practically no opposition to his re-appointment. D. S. Alexander, appointed district attorney for the Northern district of New York, is a native of Maine, but has for a number of years been a citizen of Onio and Indiana. From the latter state he was appointed fifth auditor of the treasury, but was removed from this position on the advent of the Cleveland administration. He then settled in Buffalo, N. Y., and engaged in the practice of law.]

The President made the following appointments May 7.

ARTHUR L. THOMAS, of Salt Lake City, to be governor of Utah.

ELIJAH SELLS, of Salt Lake City, Utah, to be secretary of Utah.

ELLSWATH DAGGETT, of Utah territory, to be surveyor-general of Utah.

HENRY J. LESSON, of Idaho, to be register of the land office at Blackfoot, Idaho.

WILLIAM H. DONILSON, of Idaho, to be receiver of public moneys at Blackfoot, Idaho.

MICHAEL A. LEAHY, of Wisconsin, to be superintendent of the Indians of the La Pointe agency, in Wisconsin.

JOSEPH F. BENNETT, of New Mexico, to be agent for the Indians of the Mescalero agency, in New Mexico.

J. N. BEACOM, of Kansas, to be referee and chairman of the referees, under the act of March 2, 1888, entitled "An act to grant the right of way through the Indian Territory to the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway, for the purpose of appraising the compensation to be made by said railway company to the Cherokee nation.

HAVE YOU A PASS?

If So, the Inter-State Commerce Commission Must Know Why You Are Entitled to It.

On the 16th ult. the Inter-state Commerce commission issued a circular to about 27 railroad companies ordering them to appear before the commission on May 3, to answer and set forth the persons and classes of persons, if any, to whom each of them have issued free passes or free transportation other than its own officers or employes and the officers and employes of other companies.

The companies were also expected to present all the conditions and limitations connected therewith in each instance and the manner of doing this branch of business.

In response to his order there were present at the meeting that day officials and counsel representing mostly eastern roads to the number of 35.

Each road was called up separately and representatives of nearly all the roads interested presented the information called for by the order of the commission.

Among the roads represented were the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.; the Baltimore & Ohio; the Delaware & Lackawanna; the New York Central and Hudson River company, and the Central railroad of New Jersey.

The commission finished its hearing for about 1 o'clock. Several attorneys, however, reserved the right to be heard on certain questions raised by them at the hearing.

The Public Printer.

It is rumored that a new public printer will be appointed this week, for on the 15th inst. the bids for a large amount of material are to be opened at the government printing office, and it is not thought desirable to allow the present incumbent to make these awards. Benedict has already saddled upon the office material that has been purchased on his particular friends, and some that is said not to be up to the proper standard, and it would handicap his successor very greatly if he should now be allowed to contract for a large additional amount of paper, ink, etc.

Who will be appointed as Benedict's successor cannot be told now. Ohio might have had it if John Sherman had been sincerely active in the interest of Mr. Childs, but there are still those who believe that Childs's qualifications, his long experience in the government printing office, during two years of which he was virtually the public printer on account of Mr. Defrees's illness, will win for him the appointment.

Will Head the List.

Maj. Geo. B. Davis, judge advocate, who has recently acted as judge advocate of the Lydecker and Armes court-martial, has been selected by Secretary Proctor as the army officer at the head of the commission provided for in the sundry civil appropriation bill to continue the publication of the records of the war of the rebellion.

The Sioux Commission.

Ex-Gov Foster, Gen. Warren and Secretary Miller, of the Sioux commission, called on Secretary Noble on May 6 and received their final instructions. Gen. Crook will meet this commission in Chicago, May 27, from which point they will together proceed to the Sioux reservation in Dakota.

Lacey at the Helm.

Mr. Lacey, the newly appointed comptroller of the currency, formally assumed the duties of that office on May 1. The oath was administered to him by a clerk in the Appointment division.

A PENSION FRAUD.

It Was Only Discovered When the Money Was Refused.

The principals in an extraordinary pension fraud case were arrested in different parts of the Missouri on May 3. Jacob Little a Union soldier, died in Andersonville prison, and in 1870 his widow was awarded a pension of $36 a month. She married a man named Barnes, and died in 1872.

Barnes took his wife's pension papers and came to Pettis county, Mo., where he married a widow named Rogers.

He induced her to impersonate the deceased Mrs. Little, which she did successfully, and drew the pension. Barnes died in 1877, and the widow took up with a man named Ritt, who was soon in possession of the pension story. She wanted to quit drawing the money, but Ritt compelled her to continue the fraud until they separated about a year ago.

Then she ceased drawing the money, and the government, desiring to know why the money was not drawn, started an investigation. After six months' hard work the conspiracy was unearthed, and Mrs. Barnes was arrested, at Somerset, Ozark county, and Ritt was taken futo custody in St. Louis.

An Estate Worth $12,000,000 in the Hands of the Lawyers.

The famous Hotchkiss will case over the estate of the late Benjamin Berkley Hotchkiss, inventor of the Hotchkiss gun, who died in Paris in 1885, came up in the Superior court at New Haven, Ct., on May 4, the defendants entering a demurrer. After long arguments by both sides Judge Fenn reserved his decision. The case hinges on the question of domicile and involves an estate valued at $12,000,000. The widow claims that the deceased was a legal resident of New York in which case she will receive $6,000,000, and the father of the deceased $6,000,000. The contesting relatives claim Paris as his legal residence, by which, if such is sustained, they expect to secure at least $2,000,000 each. Legal proceedings have been instituted in New York and Paris, and the probabilities are the case will be in the courts for several years, unless compromised.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE'S CENTENNIAL.

A Century Has Passed Since the Beginning of the French Revolution.

President Carnot and party on May 5 proceeded through Chaville, where the President was enthusiastically greeted. Upon reaching Versailles the President inaugurated the memorial tablet affixed to the building in which the states general met 100 years ago. The President and his escort then repaired to the hall of mirrors in the palace, where there was a grand assemblage of deputies and senators.

At the palace M. Leroyer delivered the address of welcome to the President. In the course of his speech he said: "It is no longer humble deputies of the third estate to whom even the privilege of standing upright was denied, but elected representatives of the nation who, bowing before their freely-elected chief, pay tribute to the great dead to whom we owe our liberty.

"It becomes these strugglers for liberty to remind us that the revolution bequeathed not only doctrines, but lessons. If the revolution sinned by the audacity of its dreams, we sin by our want of self-abnegation, by our incomplete knowledge of our duties, by hesitation as to our policy. If the revolution flew too high, we drag too low. The date 1889 invites to realize a union of hearts in love for our country and its institutions."

President Carnot replied as follows: "With ardent hope for the future, I greet in the palace of Louis XVI. the representatives of a nation that is now in complete possession of herself, that is mistress of her destinies, that is in the full splendor and strength of liberty. The first thoughts on this solemn meeting turn to our fathers. That immortal generation of 1789, by dint of courage and many sacrifices, secured for us benefits which we must bequeath to our sons as a most precious inheritance. Never can our gratitude equal the grandeur of the services rendered by our fathers to France and to the human race."

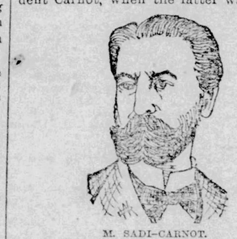
In conclusion the President said: "The revolution was based upon the rights of man. It created a new era in history and founded modern society. After many cruel shocks France finally broke with the personal power of man, whatever title he may take. She now recognizes as sole sovereign the laws enacted by the representatives of the nation.

"Under the aegis of the republic, let us seek in a spirit of mutual forbearance and concord, the irresistable strength of a united people and thus enable France to maintain her post in the vanguard of nations. Vive la republique.

The president's speech was received with fervent applause. At the conclusion of the address the presidential party proceeded to the gallery of battles, where they took luncheon. Afterward they went to the park where the president participated in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the recently restored fountains. An immense throng was gathered in the park, and President Carnot received a most enthusiastic welcome. The weather was fine, and the spectacle presented was a brilliant one. At 6 o'clock President Carnot and party started on their return to Paris.

Wanted Recognition.

A man who gives the name of Perrin, and who says he is a marine storekeeper, fired a blank cartridge at President Carnot, when the latter was leaving



M. SADI-CARNOT.

the Elysee palace to attend the centennary celebration at Versailles on May 5. Perrin was promptly arrested. He was taken to a police station, where he made a statement concerning his act. He explained that he had no desire to kill the president; he merely wished to expose the fact that he (Perrin) was the victim of injustice. The crowd that had gathered in the neighborhood of the Elysee to witness the departure of the president became greatly excited, and threatened to lynch the prisoner.

The Great Paris Exposition Opened on Monday, May 6.

The great world's exposition was opened at 2 o'clock on May 6, by President Carnot. The affair was gorgeous in the extreme. Salvos of artillery announced the arrival of the cortege, which entered the Champs de Mars by the Pont d'Jena, and passed under the Eiffel tower to the central dome, where the ceremonies took place. Then there was an inspection of the principal galleries of the exposition.

All the public buildings and monuments, and all the principal squares, bridges, and barges on the Seine were bedraped and ornamented. A *fete nautique* was given on the Seine between the Pont Louis Philippe and the Passerelle de Passy, with military bands on board brilliantly lighted steamboats. There a flotilla of steamboats and private vessels moving about on the river. At 10 o'clock in the evening fireworks commenced on the Pont Neuf, the terrace of the Tuileries, and on the Ile Grenelle. This was followed by a grand *fete de nuit* in the Exposition grounds, the illumination of the gardens and palaces of the Champ de Mars, the Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower, and the central dome by means of electricity, gas, colored balloons, and Bengal fires. There were fantastic fountains and waterfalls of all colors, also produced by electricity.

At 9:30 o'clock there was a military parade and torchlight procession of the choral societies. The military consisted of one squadron of the Republican Horse Guards, carrying torches; one squadron of cuirassiers, carrying colored torches; one detachment of firemen, carrying torches; two infantry bands, preceded by 100 drums and 100 fifes; 300 infantry soldiers, carrying torches and banners; choral societies, escorted by police bearing luminous mottoes, and one squadron of cavalry closing the march.

The procession, after having formed at the foot of the cascade of the Trocadero, crossed the Pont d'Jena, passed under the Eiffel tower, marched along the Palais des Beaux Arts, the Palais des Arts Liberaux, and came out on the avenue Suffren During this procession the Eiffel Tower was illuminated from top to bottom with Bengal fire.

Uncle Sam Is There.

The United States government is the only government which officially participates in it. In opening the exposition of 1867, the last of the Napoleons had, like the first, a cortege of kings. The exhibits of the various European countries were tricked out with petty princelings as their ostensible heads. The brutal theatricalism of chaining useful labor to the pageantry cart of ornamental idleness was one of the boasted incidents of the forerunner of the event which is begun to-day with the utmost pomp "a free scenic nation," as Carlyle called the French, can lend to a gratuitous ceremonial. The biting words that Carlyle wrote in a sneer are to-day veritable in sobriety. In his chapter entitled "The Feast of the Pikes," if the spleen be extracted and the beauty preserved, there lies a marvellous description of Paris as she hails the opening of the greatest of her expositions, inaugurated without the trappings of monarchy, but with far more impressiveness and enthusiasm than the artifices of despotism were able to command from an imperial treasury and the co-operation of comprehensive and compact diplomacy.

Beautiful Paris.

The architecture and municipal configuration of Paris render it the easiest city in the world to transform into a vast unified picture, alive with color. Its great avenues, colossal arches, numerous and massive bridges, spacious parks and squares, majestic monuments and pillars, clean thoroughfares, dazzling atmosphere reflecting the sunlight upon the lime-stone, miles of white facades, trees already bourgeoned, the winding river turned for a time into a series of lagoon-like prismatic vistas such as one expects to see only in Venice, and the fine proportion of mass to detail in the development of its civic character combine to enable its artists to render it a scene of bewildering grandeur when the national and municipal governments unite with the people in decking it for a national fete. All that Carlyle wrote of it in its gala dress of 1790 is true to-day, but the truth is increased a thousand fold. The success of the undertaking in the face of international coldness or antagonism is, therefore, a vindication of democracy and labor.

Although the monarchial governments have instructed their representetives to be absent from the inauguration and have declined to make appropriations for representation by exhibits, the exhibits classified nationally vastly exceed in scope and interest those of all preceding exhibitions.

The countries represented by their skill are, in addition to France and the United States, Great Britain, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Roumania, Servia, Egypt, Persia, Mexico, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Guatemala, Uruguay, Paraguay, San Domingo, Hayti, China, Japan, East India, Siam, Morocco, San Salvador and Australasia. The unrepresented countries are Germany—an absence as inevitable as it is deplorable—and conspicuous—Turkey, Montenegro.

Its Magnitude.

An idea of the vastness of the exposition may be gained from the area it covers. Although the exhibition buildings are closely grouped the total ground surface exceeds 30,00,000 square feet. The Champ de Mars alone covers over 103 acres. The exhibition structures taken in the Champ de Mars, the Trocadero palace gardens, the esplanade of the Invalides and the quays of the Seine extending between the Champ de Mars and the Invalides. The buildings blend strength, suitability, lightness and grace in their composition. The interior architectural lines are notably free and symmetrical, while their decorations surpass in elegance of design and richness of tone those of any structures ever put up for a similar use. The most accomplished artists have been employed upon every point of the work.

Indeed the decorations of the interiors would adorn the finest permanent public edifices. Their variety is infinite in detail and as diverse as human invention is likely ever to be able to match, while the prevading unity, both of symbolism and color, maintained throughout their variations is fastidious in its delicacy and propriety.

The whole appropriation ($8,600,000) made by the French government has been expended and further sums have been set apart for official courtesies. The republic, the municipality and the exposition will jointly defray the expenses of the illuminations and festivities this evening.

The last exposition resulted in an apparent loss of more than $6,000,000, but that there was an actual profit is not doubted. The number of visitors registered—and every visitor in Paris has to register—exceeded 200,000, and estimating an expenditure of $50 to each person, the net income of the city exceeded $10,000,000. The increase in theater receipts alone during the exposition was more than $200,000.

The Upward March of Wages.

It is pointed out also that with each of these epochs the value of toil has been increased. What was worth $1 in 1855 was worth $2 in 1867; what was worth $2 in 1867 was worth $4 in 1878, and $4 worth of labor in 1878 brought $8 in 1889. This march of wages is not, indeed, confined to France, but is a universal fact, which should have added to its statement to complete its significance that, with exceptional intervals of depression due to various causes, the increase of wages, production and consumption has been concurrent with diminished hours of daily toil and increased beauty and durability in products.

DUMONT AT WORK.

He is Stirring Up the Half-breeds for Another Outbreak.

Recent news from Batouche, the spot of the half-breed rebellion of a few years ago, created considerable anxiety at Winnipeg, and the people now regret having allowed the rebel leader Gabriel Dumont to reenter the country.

He threatens to cause more serious trouble and the authorities are being urged to summarily suppress him.

The other night a large deputation of prominent half-breeds waited on him and presented him with an address thanking him for the gallant fight he had made for his countrymen and congratulating him on his escape.

They urged him to again become their leader and promised to remain firm and keep up the agitation until all their wrongs were righted by the government.

Dumont replied in a vigorous speech urging his compatriots to demand compensation for damage done their property by Canadian troops. He believed their cause would yet be successful.

The Samoan Conference.

It is stated that the liberation of Malietoa, the deposed king of Samoa, has been voluntarily announced to the Samoan conference. It is supposed that this action on the part of Germany is the prelude to the reinstatement of Malieton.

A sub-committee of the Samoan conference, consisting of delegates Krauel, Bates and Scott, has prepared a report on the land question in Samoa.

It is stated that a sub-committee of the Samoan conference has under consideration a plan for the future government of Samoa under a native ruler with a tribunal to adjudicate the question of land titles.

It is considered probable that the conference will decide to appoint a triumvirate which will act as consul to the native sovereign and have a general supervision over Samoan affairs.

What America Wants.

The *Vossische Zeitung* says that the American commissioners to the Samoan conference are instructed by their government to demand the neutrality of the islands, and the administration of Samoan affairs by Samoans, and to urge the claims of the United States to the right to establish a coasting station at Pago-Pago. The demands of the United States, however, are not intended to prevent the other powers from exercising their influence in accordance with their interests.

Irish Causes.

The court at Falcarragh, Ireland, has sentenced Mr. Charles Conybeare, member of parliament for the Camborne division of Cornwall, to three months' imprisonment without labor, for conspiring to oppose the law. Notice of appeal has been given, and Mr. Conybeare admitted to bail.

Prof. Harrison, who was arrested on the charge of assisting besieged tenants at Gweedore, has been discharged from custody.

Sentence Confirmed.

The Tipperary court has affirmed the sentence of four months each imposed on Mr. John O'Connor, member of Parliament for South Tipperary; Mr. Thomas Condon, member of Parliament for East Tipperary; three months on Mr. Charles Tanner, member of Parliament for the middle division of Cork, and two months on Mr. Manning for violation of the Crimes act.

To Aid the Irish Cause.

A monster meeting of Irish sympathizers was held in Melbourne, Australia, on May 1. John Dillon made an address which created great enthusiasm among his listeners. One thousand pounds was subscribed to aid the Irish cause.

Died in Africa.

Despatches from South Africa announce the death from fever of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the Duke of Argyle, and brother of the Marquis of Lorne. He was 41 years old.

Will Not Expel Them.

The authorities of Schleswig have refused to rescind the decree, expelling certain German Americans from the islands of Amaran and Fohr in the North sea.

Trade Increasing.

Trade between England and Germany during the past three months was double the amount for the corresponding quarter of 1888.

Almost Another Murder on Account of Election Frauds.

A private letter from Morrilton, Ark., states that an attempt to assassinate ex-Sheriff Harry Coblentz was madelate Saturday afternoon on the streets of that place by Oby Bently. It seems that when Coblentz got off a train at Morrilton Saturday Bently appeared on the street with a shot gun, and was about to cut down on him when Sheriff Shelby and others caught hold of the weapon and prevented probably another tragedy. Bad blood existed between the men on account of Coblentz's efforts to convict certain parties charged with election frauds.

Libby Prison Scattered About the Lands of Kentucky.

The freight train which was transporting the famous Libby prison from Richmond to Chicago was wrecked seven miles east of Maysville, Ky., May 8 by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars. The remains of the war relic were profusely scattered about, and people flocked to the scene all day to secure old bricks and lumber as mementoes. No one was hurt.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE TWO TOWNS.

Oklahoma City and Guthrie Pushing to the Front.

The surveyor engaged in laying out anew the Guthrie town site, succeeded in locating the exterior corners of the business quarters, and Mayor Dyer at once issued an order to all property owners to make their lots conform to the lines laid down.

The official survey will not be completed before Saturday, and in the meantime the representative men of Guthrie will do their utmost to make the crisis of short duration when it does come.

The past two days have brought many changes in both Guthrie and Oklahoma City. At least fifty buildings have been erected in each place, all wooden, with the traditional square front. Two banks are doing business in Guthrie and a third will be in operation this week.

Supplies are being hauled in by the railroads, and board and lodging may now be secured for a reasonable sum.

The buildings are erected so that they may be easily moved, and upon the conclusion of the survey, a general shifting of locations may be looked for.

In three or four weeks both towns will have reached a point when predictions as to their future can be made with greater certainty.

The work of settling claims is proceeding rapidly, but there are few indications that settlers will do much toward improving lands this year.

Between Guthrie and Kingfisher, there are but more than a dozen claims on which plowing has been begun.

The fact is, the season is too far advanced to promise any decent reward for labor this spring, and many of the settlers have gone to Guthrie, Oklahoma City or Kingfisher, where there is a demand for men and teams hauling freight.

Oklahoma City has settled its differences arising from claim jumping and the people profess to view the general situation with great satisfaction.

Re-Surveying Guthrie.

A strong undercurrent of feeling was displayed at Guthrie on May 3, over the plat of the city as laid off by the city council. It appears in order to satisfy the greed of certain settlers, some of the streets were made narrower than others, and some of the blocks almost twice as long as the others. Large corps of surveyors have been working on the plat for days.

The marshal has begun to clear the streets of such obstructions as tents and frame buildings, and in consequence some people have become suddenly aware that they are living in the streets. Those who were forced out of the streets immediately proceeded to jump other people's lots. No trouble occurred, and it is safe to say that the good sense in the community will prevent any serious affray.

Destitute Settlers Returning from the Land of Misfortune.

The suffering of the baffled boomers finds most prominent evidence along the northern border. On May 5, 1,000 wagons on the march down and 800 wagons on the way back, were counted at Arkansas City. The groves in the Arkansas and Walnut river valleys that offered camps for the boomers before the descent are filling again with the returning unfortunates.

There are hundreds of families among them who sold everything to make the trip, and now have nothing left.

The sick, at of men, women and children who are thus unprovided for and desolate, with the mere frames of horses surviving to drag them along is frightful.

Guthrie still holds the majority of population, and is not yet symmetrically formed. Oklahoma City is the most promising town site. Capt. Crouch, the old successor of Boomer Payne, was Saturday elected mayor, defeating a preacher whose platform was against gambling and whisky. As long as the latter is excluded, as it now is, serious trouble cannot occur in Oklahoma.

On the Cherokee Strip.

Capt. Hall and a company of cavalry have gone to eject settlers for the Cherokee strip, and a company also left Guthrie for the same purpose. Several hundred settlers are now on the strip. They are determined men, who have staked everything on the Oklahoma opening, and failing to get their claim, have gone to the strip.

No organized resistance to the military is expected, but cases of individual resistance and a large amount of hardship and suffering are certain to ensue.

THE STEEL COMBINE.

The Consolidation of the Steel Mills Progressing Very Slowly.

When asked by a reporter on May 3, how the steel mill consolidation project was progressing, Mr. O. W Potter, president of the North Chicago Rolling Mill company, said: "The only actual result thus far attained is the increase of the capital stock of the North Chicago from $6,000,000 to $25,000,000.

"We sent the papers making the increase to Springfield to be filed with the secretary of State, yesterday, and also sent certain other papers containing the articles of consolidation of the North Chicago and Union.

"Until these articles are filed I cannot say that the combination has taken place.

"In handling such large interests a hitch may occur at any moment. Pending the articles under which the Joliet will join us will probably be agreed to. We have to proceed thus, day by day, in order to keep the legal steps in proper sequence."

"Do you anticipate a hitch?"

"No, sir; I believe the consolidation will be complete by 2 o'clock Saturday."

It is understood that a majority of the officers will come from the North Chicago stockholders, who will be the principal owners of the new company, but the larger stockholders of the Union and Joliet will retain a considerable part, in some cases all, of their present holdings in the shape of the new North Chicago stock.

The $25,000,000 which is to constitute the capital stock after consolidation is based on a valuation of the three properties at $15,000,000, $5,000,000 of working cash capital and $5,000,000 of unissued stock to remain in the hands of the treasurer and be used for improvements or emergencies, as occasion may require.

The new company will own 14 blast furnaces with a capacity of 7,000,000 tons.

In addition various interests controlled by the three companies—transportation lines, coal and iron mines, rolling stock, etc.—will pass under the control of the combined concern.

Economy, no less than the control of the northwest iron and steel market, is said to be the moving purpose of the consolidation.

One management is expected to be cheaper than three.

Certain improved conditions in the supply of raw materials, made possible by the change, are also counted on to effect large saving.

The main economy, however, it is understood, is to be effected by a diversification of the output of the plant. It is proposed to multiply the number of the products. The new company will arrange to turn out wire nails as well as cut nails, wire rods, barbed fence wire, structural steel work and boiler and tin plate.

THE COLOR LINE.

The Episcopal Convention at Charleston to Wrestle With It.

The Episcopal Diocesan convention, of South Carolina, meets at Aiken Wednesday. It is expected that the question of the admission of the colored clergy to the convention will come up on the question of organization of the convention, one party claiming that the convention was illegally organized, and the bishop and clergymen contending that it was legally constituted.

While the organization of the convention is ostensibly the point of difference, the rights of the colored clergy and parishes is the real question at issue.

GOFF AND FLEMING.

The Committee to Investigate Will Commence Work on May 8.

The legislative committee appointed at last session of legislature to examine depositions, and make a report to the legislature at its next session, will meet in Charleston, W. Va., on May 8.

If the committee examines each deposition carefully, it will take fully two months, and with this great amount of labor, it is uncertain when there will be a called session to settle the gubernatorial contest between Fleming and Goff.

Waldron, Mich., Burned.

Thirty stores and dwellings in the little village of Waldron, on the Mackinaw railroad, were destroyed by fire on May 6. The entire business portion of the village was swept away.

The fire originated in a stable, and a valuable stallion was burned to death. Losses aggregated over $60,000; partially insured.

FOREST FIRES.

Immense Damage Done in the Northwest —The Need of Rain.

Furious forest fires are raging in northern Minnesota and northern Wisconsin, and an immense amount of damage has been done. For miles on three sides of Duluth the fire rages and many country residences have been destroyed by the flames.

On the Hermantown road near Duluth, every dwelling for miles has been destroyed.

It is feared some lives have been lost, as incoming farmers on the 6th report a vast sea of fire which is sweeping everything before it.

A high wind is blowing, which makes it impossible for any headway to be made against the fire. It must simply burn until there is nothing for it to destroy.

Several houses were burned on the 5th near Spirit lake. A large number of telegraph poles have been burned, and communication is interrupted. At some places, too, ties on the track have burned out, making it dangerous to move trains.

South of Ashland for 150 miles the forests are ablaze. On the Fond du Lac Indian reservation over $2,000 worth of skidded logs went up. Other losses, aggregating $10,000, also occurred on the reservation.

Cumberland, Wis., is almost wholly surrounded by fire. The losses aggregate $40,000.

North of Grantsburg, Wis., the fire has swept the country, destroying everything in its path. Along the Northern Pacific in the neighborhood of Cromwell, the tamarack forests and whatever else comes in the way is being burned.

It is hoped a heavy rain will come soon to put a stop to the further spreading of the fire.

A Dozen Buildings Burned.

So far news has reached here of the destruction of a dozen buildings, three near Barnum, a dozen miles west of here, and others in Wisconsin.

Joseph Bradford's wood camp, and two camps near Norman, were wiped out, and from a score of small places come accounts of fighting the fire to save the villages or mills.

There was a rumor that a small sawmill in Douglass, Wis., had been burned, but the news could be had to confirm it. Some stock has been destroyed in out-lying districts.

The most destruction has been on the lines of the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific.

Rain the Only Help.

Unless rain soon comes, great hardship to farmers near Wausau Wis., will result. The woods are on fire all around the city. Hay meadows, crops and bridges have been destroyed in the western part of the country.

Farmers and mill men in the country are fighting the fire with big crews. The air in the city is filled with smoke.

MINERS' DESTITUTION.

Suffering Among their Families—Italians and Hungarians Taking the Bread from their Mouths.

The long continued idleness at the mines has caused much suffering among the poor of the coal fields at Scranton, Pa., and hundreds of families are destitute. Strong, able-bodied men, with large families to support, are in sore need. For the past six months, many of them have not averaged over $10 a month.

The Scranton *Free Press*, of May 5, gives a sombre picture of destitution of miners and laborers, and says: The pathetic scenes of the long strike of years ago, when workmen, whose pride led them to hide their poverty, brought empty dinner pails to work, are being re-enacted now during the few days that the mines are operated, and it is represented that grim want of the most ordinary necessities of life exists in hundreds of homes. In fact the suffering is greater now than ever it was before.

During the former times of difficulty many miners were enabled to find work at ordinary outside labor. At least part of them could do so, but now hundreds of Italian and Hungarian laborers who live in the outskirts, and who live cheaply on the coarsest kind of food, will work for whatever comes to hand, working at whatever wages they can get. When the poor miner approaches a contractor or superintendent, he finds that every place is filled, and that hundreds of applicants have been turned away.

From reports received, there seems to be more suffering in Hyde park than in any other section of the city.

The coal mining is about the only industry. The colleries of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad are all situated there, and they work even less time than the colleries of the other companies.

The Delaware, Lackawana & Western company keeps no company stores; but as a rule individual operators in the lower part of the city and Lackawanna township run institutions of this kind.

At some of these stores the clerks, or at least a portion of the working force, are kept over night and Sundays. The operators understand the terrible needs of the men and they fear that if their necessities they may be tempted to make an attack upon these well-filled stores.

The miners are intelligent, peaceable and honest, but in trying times, like these, it is hard to tell what their necessities may force them to do.

The hard times are shown by the increased demand upon the poor board. At Friday's meeting several men applied for relief, because, having worked all the time that the colleries were in operation, they were unable to earn sufficient to support their families.

The condition of the poor is most distressing and it is intensified by the fact that there is no prospect of better times at present, before the first of June, owing to the policy of the coal combination of crowding all the year's work into a few months.

Illinois Miners.

At a mass meeting of miners on May 5, at Springfield, Ill., representing five shafts, it was decided to discontinue work until there is a settlement of existing difficulties.

The trouble is owing to a demand of the operators for the men to work for less than the district prices.

The representatives of four mines will hold a meeting, and will probably take similar action.

A Father and Mother Witness the Flames Devour Their Home and Children.

A distressing accident by which four children of Chas. Williams, whose ages ranged from 6 to 15 years were burned to death, took place on May 2, at Abingdon, Md., near Harford station, on the Baltimore & Ohio railro